

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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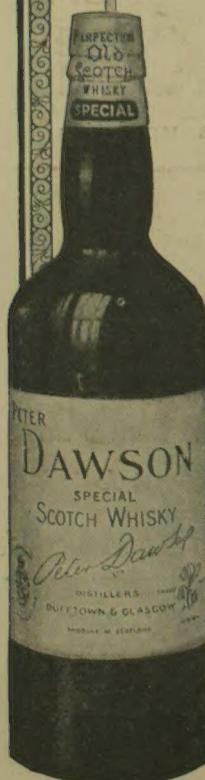
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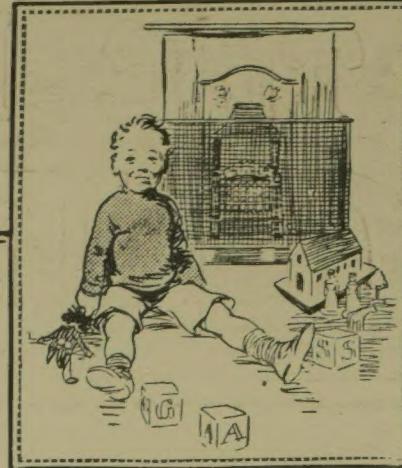


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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1922.

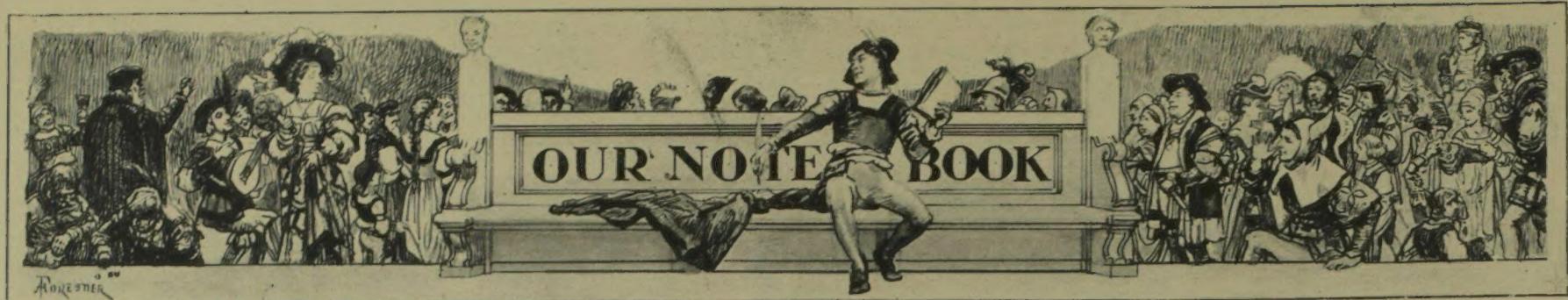
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FINE BRITISH RESCUE WORK AT THE WRECK OF A GERMAN LINER: THROWING A ROPE  
TO ONE OF THE CAPSIZED BOATS OF THE "HAMMONIA."

The Hamburg-Amerika liner "Hammonia," which left Vigo on September 9 for Havana and Vera Cruz, sent out S.O.S. signals the next day saying that she was sinking 80 miles out at sea. There were said to have been 557 people on board—365 passengers and 192 crew. The Union Castle liner "Kinsauns Castle," which picked up the signals, rushed to the rescue and saved 385, and several more British ships took off others. A gale and heavy seas made the task difficult,

and a number of people were drowned, including some who jumped overboard from the "Hammonia." The only Englishman on board her, Mr. W. H. Jubb, acted with great gallantry. Describing the scenes after reaching Southampton in the "Kinsauns Castle," he said: "Boats were lowered to get away with women and children, but some were smashed by the violence of the storm, and two others capsized." Further photographs of the wreck are given on page 417.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A THEATRICAL manager recently insisted on introducing Chinese labour into the theatrical profession. He insisted on having real Chinamen to take the part of Chinese servants; and some actors seem to have resented it—as I think, very reasonably. A distinguished actress, who is clever enough to know better, defended it on the ground that nothing must interfere with the perfection of a work of art. I dispute the moral thesis in any case; and Nero would no doubt have urged it in defence of having real deaths in the amphitheatre. I do not admit in any case that the artist can be entirely indifferent to hunger and unemployment, any more than to lions or boiling oil. But, as a matter of fact, there is no need to raise the moral question, because the case is equally strong in relation to the artistic question. I do not think that a Chinese character being represented by a Chinese actor is the finishing touch to the perfection of a work of art. I think it is the last and lowest phase of the vulgarity that is called realism. It is in the same style and taste as the triumphs on which, I believe, some actor-managers have prided themselves: the triumphs of having real silver for goblets or real jewels for crowns. That is not the spirit of a perfect artist, but rather of a purse-proud parvenu. The perfect artist would be he who could put on a crown of gilt wire or tinsel and make us feel he was a king.

Moreover, if the principle is to be extended from properties to persons, it is not easy to see where the principle can stop. If we are to insist on real Asiatics to act "Chu Chin Chow," why not insist on real Venetians to act "The Merchant of Venice"? We did experiment recently, and I believe very successfully, in having the Jew acted by a real Jew. But I hardly think we should like to make it a rule that nobody must be allowed to act Shylock unless he can prove his racial right to call upon his father Abraham. Must the characters of Macbeth and Macduff only be represented by men with names like Macpherson and Macnab? Must the Prince of Denmark always be in private life a Dane? Must we import a crowd of Greeks before we are allowed to act "Troilus and Cressida," or a mob of real Egyptians to form the background of "Antony and Cleopatra"? Will it be necessary to kidnap an African gentleman out of Africa, by the methods of the slave trade, and force him into acting Othello? It was rather foolishly suggested at one time that our allies in Japan might be offended at the fantastic satire of "The Mikado." As a matter of fact, the satire of "The Mikado" is not at all directed against Japanese things, but exclusively against English things. But I certainly think there might be some little ill-feeling in Japan if gangs of Japanese coolies were shipped across two continents merely in order to act in it. If once this singular rule be recognised, a dramatist will certainly be rather shy of introducing Zulus or Red Indians into his dramas, owing to the difficulty in securing appropriate dramatic talent. He will hesitate before making his hero an Eskimo. He will abandon his intention of seeking his heroine in the Sandwich Islands. If he were to insist on introducing real cannibals, it seems possible that they might insist on introducing real cannibalism. This would be quite in the spirit of Nero and all the art critics of the Roman realism of the amphitheatre. But surely it would be putting almost too perfect a finishing touch to the perfection of a work of art. That kind of finishing touch is a little too finishing.

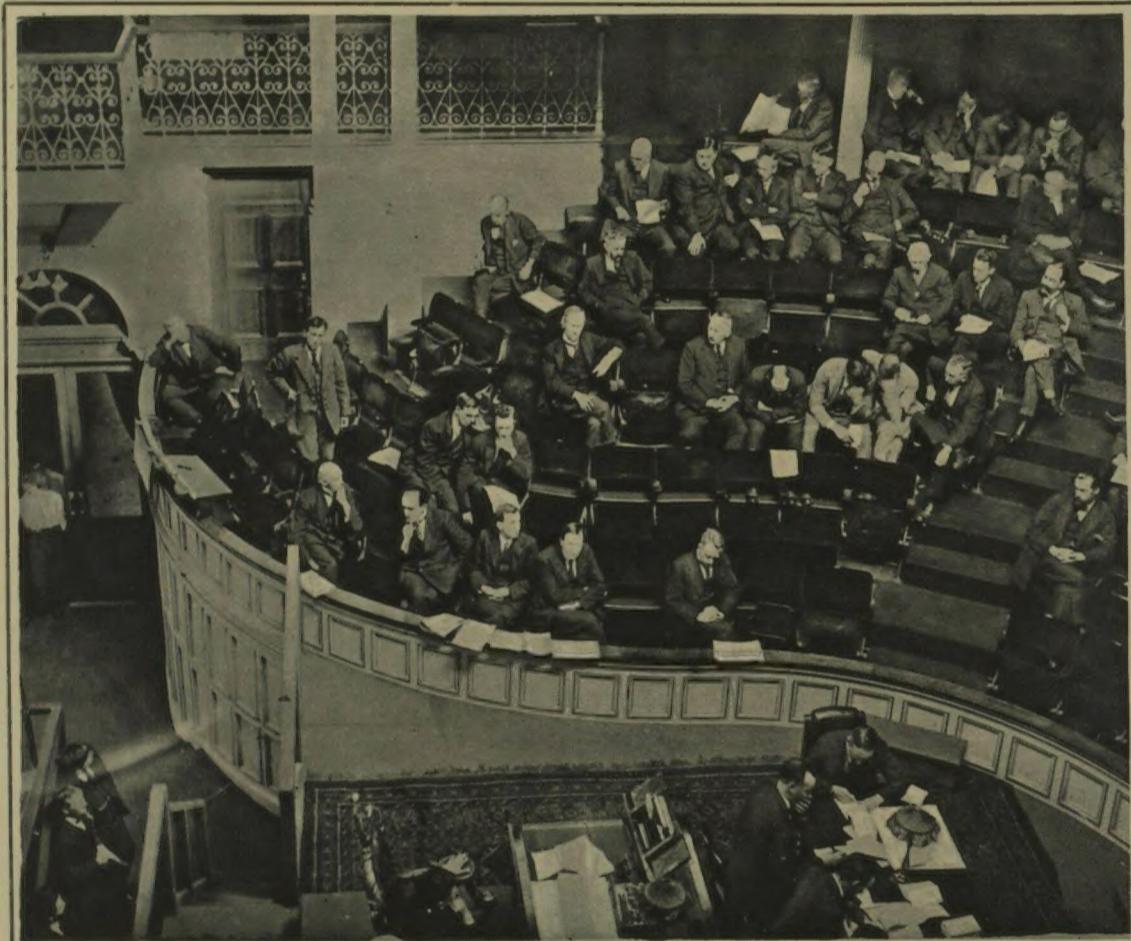
The irony grew more intense when the newspapers that had insisted on Chinamen because they could not help being Chinamen began to praise them with admiration and astonishment because they looked Chinese. This opens up a speculation so complex and contradictory that I do not propose to follow it, for I am interested here not in the particular incident but in the general idea. It will be a sufficient statement of the fundamental fact of all the arts if I say simply that I do not believe in the resemblance. I do not believe that a Chinaman does look like a Chinaman. That is, I do not believe that any Chinaman will necessarily look like the Chinaman—the Chinaman in the imagination of the artist and the interest of the crowd. We all know the fable of the man who imitated a pig, and his rival who was hooted by the crowd because he could only produce what was (in fact) the squeak of a real pig. The crowd was perfectly right. The crowd was a crowd of very penetrating and philosophical art critics. They had come

of an author who is an artist, he will be wise if he confides it to an actor who is also an artist. He will be much wiser to confide it to an actor than to an Arab. The actor, being a fellow-countryman and a fellow-artist, may bring out what the author thinks the Arab stands for; whereas the real Arab might be a particular individual who at that particular moment refused to stand for anything of the sort, or for anything at all. The principle is a general one; and I mean no disrespect to China in the porcine parallel, or in the figurative association of pigs and pig-tails.

But, as a matter of fact, the argument is especially apt in the case of China. For I fear that China is chiefly interesting to most of us as the other end of the world. It is valued as something far-off, and therefore fantastical, like a kingdom in the clouds of sunrise. It is not the very real virtues of the Chinese tradition—its stoicism, its sense of honour, its ancient peasant cults—that most people want to put into a play. It is the ordinary romantic feeling about something remote and extravagant, like the Martians or the Man in the Moon. It is perfectly reasonable to have that romantic feeling in moderation, like other amusements. But it is not reasonable to expect the remote person to feel remote from himself, or the man at the other end of the world not to feel it as this end. We must not ask the outlandish Oriental to feel outlandish, or a Chinaman to be astonished at being Chinese. If, therefore, the literary artist has the legitimate literary purpose of expressing the mysterious and alien atmosphere which China implies to him, he will probably do it much better with the aid of an actor who is not Chinese. Of course, I am not criticising the particular details of the particular performance, of which I know little or nothing. I do not know the circumstances; and under the circumstances, for all I know, the experiment may have been very necessary or very successful. I merely protest against a theory of dramatic truth, urged in defence of the dramatic experiment, which seems to me calculated to falsify the whole art of the drama. It is founded on exactly the same fallacy as that of the infant in Stevenson's nursery rhyme, who thought that the Japanese children must suffer from home-sickness through being always abroad in Japan.

there not to hear an ordinary pig, which they could hear by poking in any ordinary pig-sty. They had come to hear how the voice of the pig affects the immortal mind and spirit of man; what sort of satire he would make of it; what sort of fun he can get out of it; what sort of exaggeration he feels to be an exaggeration of its essence, and not of its accidents. In other words, they had come to hear a squeak, but the sort of squeak which expresses what a man thinks of a pig—not the vastly inferior squeak which only expresses what a pig thinks of a man. I have myself a poetical enthusiasm for pigs, and the paradise of my fancy is one where the pigs have wings. But it is only men, especially wise men, who discuss whether pigs can fly; we have no particular proof that pigs ever discuss it. Therefore the actor who imitated the quadruped may well have put into his squeak something of the pathetic cry of one longing for the wings of the dove. The quadruped himself might express no such sentiment; he might appear, and generally does appear, singularly unconscious of his own lack of feathers. But the same principle is true of things more dignified than the most dignified porker, though clad in the most superb plumage. If a vision of a stately Arab has risen in the imagination

This brings us very near to an old and rather threadbare theatrical controversy, about whether staging should be simple or elaborate. I do not mean to begin that argument all over again. What is really wanted is not so much the simple stage-manager as the simple spectator. In a very real sense, what is wanted is the simple critic, who would be in truth the most subtle critic. The healthy human instincts in these things are at least as much spoiled by sophistication in the stalls as by elaboration on the stage. A really simple mind would enjoy a simple scene—and also a gorgeous scene. A popular instinct, to be found in all folklore, would know well enough when the one or the other was appropriate. But what is involved here is not the whole of that sophistication, but only one particular sophistry, and against that sophistry we may well pause to protest. It is the critical fallacy of cutting off a real donkey's head to put it on Bottom the Weaver; when the head is symbolical, and in that case more appropriate to the critic than to the actor.

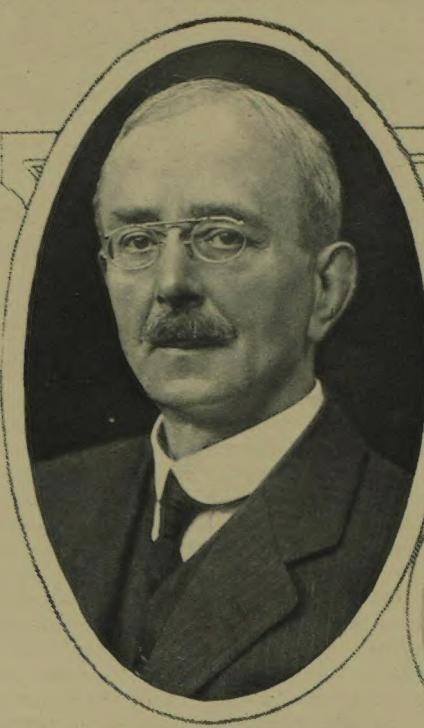


"WE HAVE TO SETTLE WITH . . . THE VERY BAD INTERNAL FRIENDS OF OUR COUNTRY": GENERAL MULCAHY (SECOND FROM LEFT) SPEAKING AT THE FIRST MEETING OF THE IRISH FREE STATE PARLIAMENT.

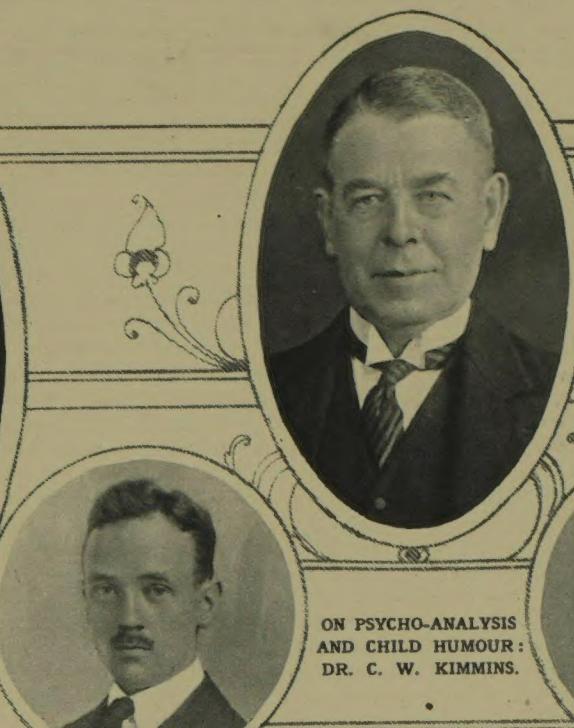
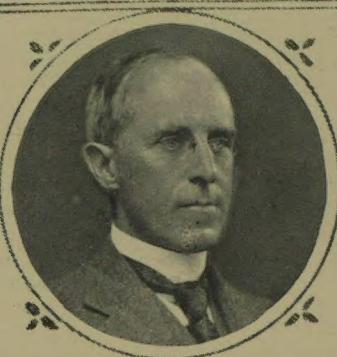
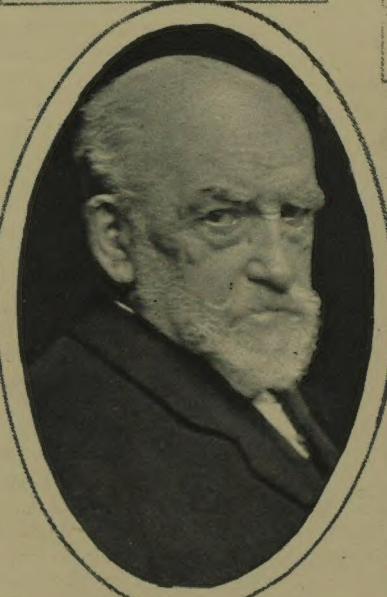
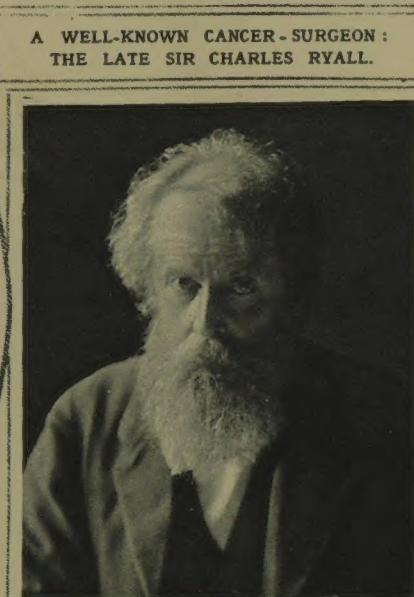
The first meeting of the Irish Free State Parliament was held in Dublin on September 9. Mr. Ginnell, the only member of the Anti-Treaty party present, created a scene, by demanding whether the assembly was Dail Eireann or a Partition Parliament, and had to be ejected. Professor Michael Hayes was elected to the Chair. General Mulcahy, the Minister of Defence, said that they had to settle with "the internal enemies, or very bad internal friends," of their country. On his motion, Acting-President W. T. Cosgrave was elected President of the Dail and the Provisional Government. Mr. Cosgrave, who is seen on the extreme right in the front row, announced his intention of restoring order and repressing crime.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

## PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, VANDYK, ARMY AND NAVY AUXILIARY STORES, ELLIOTT AND FRY, C.N., SPORT AND GENERAL, MEDRINGTON, BARRATT, TOPICAL, MEURISSE, AND DOWNEY.



PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION: PROF. SIR C. SHERRINGTON.

ON PSYCHO-ANALYSIS  
AND CHILD HUMOUR:  
DR. C. W. KIMMENS.COINER OF A NEW SCIENTIFIC  
WORD, KATERGY: DR. F. C. EVE.ON VITAMINS AND DIET: PROF. J.  
DRUMMOND.ON FISHERIES OLD AND NEW:  
PROF. W. GARSTANG.SPEAKER AT HULL, ON WEATHER  
CYCLES: SIR W. BEVERIDGE.NEW HEAD OF THE IRISH FREE  
STATE: MR. W. T. COSGRAVE.NEW ADJUTANT-GENERAL: LT.-GEN.  
SIR PHILIP CHETWODE.RETIRING ADJUTANT-GENERAL: LT.-GEN.  
SIR GEORGE MACDONOGH.A FAMOUS JOCKEY AND TRAINER:  
THE LATE JOHN OSBORNE.A GREAT FRENCH PAINTER:  
THE LATE M. LÉON BONNAT.POET, TRAVELLER, AND AGITATOR:  
THE LATE MR. W. S. BLUNT.A FAMOUS INDIAN RULING PRINCE:  
THE LATE MAHARAJAH OF JAIPUR.THE NEW BISHOP OF MADRAS:  
THE RT. REV. E. H. M. WALLER.

At the British Association meeting at Hull, the new President, Sir Charles Sherrington, Professor of Physiology at Oxford and President of the Royal Society, gave his address on "Some Aspects of Animal Mechanism." Dr. C. W. Kimmens spoke on psycho-analysis in the school and humour in children. Sir William Beveridge, Director of the London School of Economics, opened a discussion on weather cycles in relation to agriculture and industry. Prof. J. Drummond, of University College, London, discussed vitamins and diet, and Prof. Walter Garstang, of the University of Leeds, lectured on fisheries. Dr. F. C. Eve, of Hull, expounded the law of Katergy, a new term meaning the downward flow of energy. Sir George Macdonogh has become adviser to

the Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Company. Mr. John Osborne rode in 38 consecutive Derbys, and won in 1869. Sir Charles Ryall was senior surgeon of the Cancer Hospital. Miss C. Hartley is the first woman who (as Mayor of Southport) has officially welcomed a Trade Union Congress. Mr. Jesse Sweetser, of Yale, beat Mr. Chick Evans in the final of the U.S. Amateur Golf Championship. M. Léon Bonnat is seen in our photograph painting his portrait of M. Jean Richepin. Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt will be chiefly remembered as a poet. He was a champion of Nationalism, in Egypt, India, and Ireland. The Maharajah of Jaipur had reigned since 1880. Bishop Waller is at present Bishop in Tinnevelly and Madura.

# THE BEAUTY OF THE LONDON HOME:

A STUDY IN THE ART OF INTERIOR DECORATION.

## No. I.—LADY ISLINGTON'S ADAM HOUSE IN PORTMAN SQUARE.

ROBERT ADAM, rumour says, was in love with Lady Home when he built her wonderful mansion in Portman Square. This being so, he put

through a door on to the rather narrow back staircase. As a matter of fact, in this case a lift is fixed up the aperture in the centre of these lesser stairs.

On the ground floor is a huge dining-room looking on to the good-sized square garden at the back. At right-angles to this, and parallel with the street, is the morning-room. What is now Lord Islington's sitting-room looks gardenwards, and communicates with the dining-room through a small and completely round room.

The ceiling designs in the morning-room and the dining-room are extraordinarily lovely, and the inlet pictures all through the house are the work of Angelica Kauffmann. In the morning-room these pictures are of sepia tints, and there is one over the mantelpiece. The Islingshons have hung on the walls of this room a number of valuable pictures—three Reynolds, a couple of Lelys, and so on; there is just the right amount of large antique furniture to show up the room's beauty.

Double doors lead from this drawing-room-like morning-room into the dining-room, and open on to the centre of a beautiful half-circle which forms the wall opposite the windows. On either hand of the doors is a rounded alcove with a mahogany waist-high sideboard built in. One is the hot-plate cupboard and the other is for wine, and it is in such details as the inside of these sideboards and their beautiful little handles that one sees the immense amount of thought that Adam expended on this particular mansion.

By the way, his original plans for it are

preserved in the Soane Museum, all most carefully labelled in a copper-plate handwriting—for instance, "Design of a ceiling for the Front Parlor at Lady Home's in Portman Square," "Lady Home's Back Parlor."

Well, Lady Islington has two dining-tables—one big, old, round mahogany which she bought from Miss Goldsmid, and a small round one in Chinese lacquer to seat about four or six people. The latter is used on ordinary occasions.

It gives a very excellent effect to come into the room and look down its great length, only broken by the two comparatively small tables, each standing on a Persian carpet, and with delicate little armchair dining chairs, wickerwork and wood, with red brocade cushion seats.

The dining-room windows give on to the garden with a semi-circular portico; and at one time there must have been some street entrance to the garden, for an old housemaid, still employed in the house, can remember carriages driving up to this portico during the Goldsmid tenancy.

Lord Islington's sitting-room was called in Lady Home's time the Science Room, and it was her particular sitting-room. The mantelpiece—which, like all the mantelpieces, is of marble—has her coat-of-arms carved on it in the centre, and the paraphernalia of science around. On the centre of the

ceiling are little pictures of a dozen or more great men of science.

To return to the great stone staircase, before mentioned, the walls of it up to above the first-floor level are wood painted to represent rather bright brown marble; above that there are statues in niches; then it just stretches on and on up to the glass dome.

Above the morning-room is the drawing-room, originally the music-room; and beside it, over the hall, is a lesser drawing-room, which Lady Islington's daughter uses as her room. Over the dining-room, and opening out of the drawing-room, is the big ballroom; beside that, and also looking on to the garden, is another little round room, like the one below; and out of that is Lady Islington's boudoir. This boudoir, originally known as "Lady Home's Etruscan bedroom," has a little private staircase leading to the next floor. The Adam brothers, of course, gloried in doors, and their frameworks and all the rooms in this Portman Square house have more than their fair share of doors. So one of the doors in this one-time Etruscan bed-room, which looks just like its fellow doors, gives on to a little winding staircase which leads up to the room above. At present the staircase has its delicate bannister painted white, and its winding stairs carpeted with a charming and cheery blue carpet. The mantelpiece of the boudoir is white marble, with a design of golden-brown Etruscan ladies inlaid.

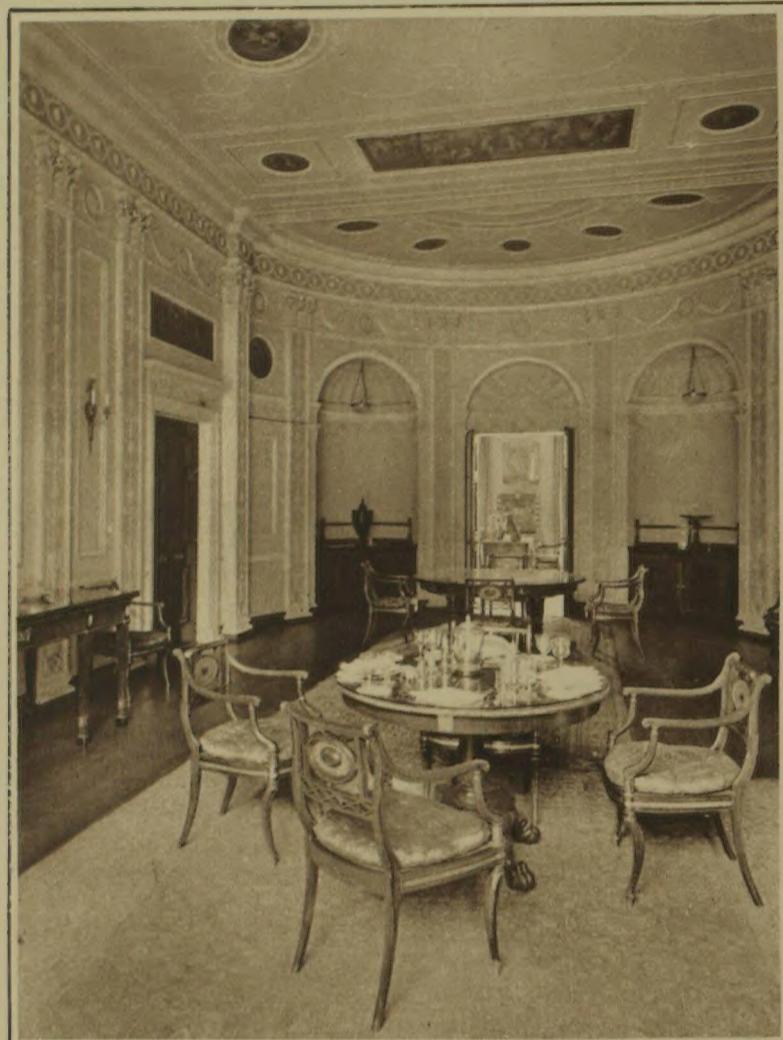
The ball-room floor and all the other reception-room floors are of polished oak. Builders and decorators tell Lady Islington that there is a great space between the different storeys of the house, and that a man can practically stand upright in it.

The lift, with its encircling back and upper storey staircase, runs up the centre of the house, carefully hidden away behind highly polished mahogany doors.

This Portman Square house is undoubtedly a thing of great beauty, not only in itself, but also because Lady Islington has furnished it with the most lovely things in just the right style.

By the way, there are three most amusing and comfortable little chairs in the drawing-room, made from Lady Islington's own design—copies of old-fashioned wing chairs, only child's size and upholstered in brocade; they are one of the things which give to the house a feeling of ease and comfort.—E. H.-S.

(See further Illustrations on Pages 418-419 in this Number.)



SHOWING THE INLET ALCOVE SIDEBOARDS DESIGNED BY ROBERT ADAM FOR LADY HOME—ONE A HOT-PLATE CUPBOARD, THE OTHER FOR WINE: THE DINING-ROOM OF 20, PORTMAN SQUARE.

into it the best he had in him. The eighteenth-century house (1775) is of the most perfect proportions, and to this day singularly unaltered; its ceilings, walls, and fireplaces have the most delicate tracery, and the famous architect-artist considered even the smallest details, such as a hot-plate cupboard within one of the inlet dining-room sideboards.

After Lady Home's day, 20, Portman Square became the residence of the Dukes of Newcastle; then it passed to the possession of Sir Gabriel Goldsmid, and it was from Miss Goldsmid, who had lived in it for twenty-five years, that its present owners, Lord and Lady Islington, bought it in 1918. Miss Goldsmid now lives in a rather smaller house in Portman Square, and Lord and Lady Islington have made the contents of their home worthy of such a lovely building.

It is a great big house, even from the outside—indeed, it has an unusually large frontage, and one enters it by double doors of unstained oak. Within is a square outer hall tiled with black and white marble, the white predominating. In this hall, in adjacent cages, sit two parrots, the property of Lady Islington's daughter, Miss Joan Poynder, and brought by her from New Zealand, of which Lord Islington was at one time Governor. The parrots have nothing special to do with a superb Adam house, but they strike a personal note in the rather austere grandeur of it all.

This outer hall communicates by a large doorway with another hall from which springs the great stone staircase. The staircase fills the lower part of a big, funnel-shaped aperture right up the house, crowned by a large Adam glass dome. "Funnel-shaped" does not imply beauty, but in this case it should. The staircase starts as one and divides into two half-circles, each of which ends on the first floor landing, which is also in the form of a part circle. The stairs are of stone, and Lady Islington has had them polished; the balustrades are of wrought-iron, with rams' heads in their design, picked out in gilt.

After arranging for Lady Home and her guests to reach the great first-floor reception-rooms, Adam evidently did not think (and the same thing occurs in so many of his other houses) that they needed a stately staircase to their bed-rooms. The grand stairs end at the first floor, and to go higher one has to step



"THE CEILING DESIGNS ARE EXTRAORDINARILY LOVELY": A CORNER OF THE DINING-ROOM, WITH LADY ISLINGTON'S SMALLER ROUND TABLE IN CHINESE LACQUER.

## THRILLING RESCUES FROM A SINKING LINER: THE WRECKED "HAMMONIA."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRINGDON PHOTO CO.



"WE SAW THE 'HAMMONIA' ON HER SIDE, SINKING, AND ALL ROUND HER OVERTURNED LIFEBOATS AND RAFTS": THE DOOMED GERMAN LINER, WITH BRITISH RESCUE SHIPS STANDING BY.



"ONE BOAT CAME ALONGSIDE PRACTICALLY FULL OF WATER . . . WITH LITTLE CHILDREN CLINGING PITIFULLY TOGETHER": ONE OF THE BOATS THAT WAS SMASHED AGAINST THE "KINFAUNS CASTLE" BY THE RAGING SEAS.

There were tragic scenes and gallant acts of rescue at the wreck of the German liner "Hammonia," which (as mentioned on our front page) foundered on September 9, 80 miles off Vigo. Captain E. W. Day, of the "Kinfauns Castle," an officer with a splendid record of war service and previous life-saving, said on reaching Southampton with 385 of the survivors: "We hurried to the scene in a heavy gale, and saw the 'Hammonia' on her side, sinking, and all around her overturned lifeboats and rafts with men, women, and children clinging to them. We got out eight lifeboats, and the sailors eagerly volunteered for rescue work."

Another member of the "Kinfauns Castle" crew said: "One collapsible boat came alongside practically full of water, with about twenty people in it, and little children nearly up to the neck in water clinging pitifully together." It was stated that about thirty of those on board the "Hammonia" were lost. Among the ships mentioned as taking part in the work of rescue were the "Euclid," "Darro," "Soldier Prince," "Boldway," "City of Chester," and "City of Valencia." During the war the "Kinfauns Castle," as an armed cruiser, took part in the attack on the "Königsberg" in the Rufiji River.

## THE BEAUTY OF THE LONDON HOME: No. I.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN



WITH A FLOOR OF POLISHED OAK, LIKE ALL THE RECEPTION-ROOMS: THE GREAT BALL-ROOM, OPENING OUT OF THE DRAWING-ROOM, SHOWING THE EXQUISITE WALL DECORATION.



BEARING WITNESS TO THE OWNER'S LIBRARIES: THE LESSER DRAWING-ROOM.



FILLING "THE LOWER PART OF A BIG FUNNEL-SHAPED APERTURE RIGHT UP THE HOUSE": THE GREAT STONE STAIRCASE.



ORIGINALLY KNOWN AS "LADY HOME'S ETRUSCAN BED-ROOM," WITH A DOOR OPENING ON TO A LITTLE PRIVATE STAIRCASE: THE BOUDOIR.

## ADY ISLINGTON'S PERFECT ADAM HOUSE.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



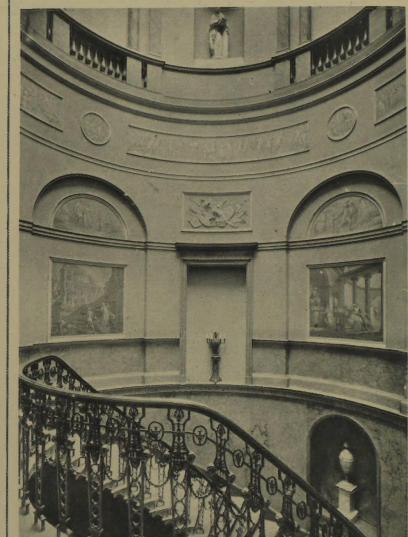
BOOKS: A LESSER DRAWING-ROOM USED BY HON. JOAN DICKSON-POYNDER.



ORIGINALLY USED AS THE MUSIC ROOM, IN LADY HOME'S DAY: A CORNER OF LADY ISLINGTON'S MAGNIFICENT DRAWING-ROOM AT 20, PORTMAN SQUARE.



WITH ITS LOVELY CEILING, AND INLET PICTURES BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN: THE MORNING ROOM, HUNG WITH WORKS BY REYNOLDS AND LELY.



DECORATED WITH CLASSICAL WALL PAINTINGS AND STATUES IN NICHES: THE UPPER PART OF THE GREAT STAIRCASE, UNDER THE DOME.

We begin in this number a series of illustrated articles dealing with beautiful London houses. The great mansions of the country—"the stately homes of England," as the poet calls them—have often been pictured and recorded, but it is sometimes forgotten that London also has its "stately homes," which are equally worthy of celebration. Among our great domestic architects there have been none more famous than the brothers Adam, of whose work there are many examples to be found in London. One of the most perfect is that which is here illustrated, No. 20, Portman Square, now the residence of Lord and

Lady Islington. Lord Islington, formerly known as Sir John Dickson-Poynder, was raised to the Peerage in 1910, the year in which he became Governor of New Zealand. He has also been Under-Secretary for the Colonies and for India. His only child is the Hon. Joan Dickson-Poynder. As mentioned in the article on another page, her two pet parrots, which she brought from New Zealand, "strike a personal note in the rather austere grandeur" of the house. There is a touch of romance in the story of its origin, for rumour says that Robert Adam was in love with Lady Home, for whom he built it.

## THE WHITEHAVEN DISASTER; ROYAL MOURNERS; AND OTHER OCCASIONS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.B., SPORT AND GENERAL, PHOTOPRESS, AND TOPICAL.



RETURNING TO SOUTH AFRICA: PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT SEEN OFF AT WATERLOO BY THE DUKE.



THE BOY GOLF CHAMPION: H. S. MITCHELL APPROACHING THE SIXTH GREEN AT ASCOT.



POISON GAS FOR RATS: AN OPERATOR WITH RESPIRATION APPARATUS UNCLOSED A SHIP'S VENTILATOR.



RESCUE-WORK AFTER THE EXPLOSION IN THE WHITEHAVEN COLLIERY: MINERS ABOUT TO DESCEND THE SHAFT TO SEARCH FOR MISSING COMRADES.



MILITARY HONOURS FOR MINERS KILLED IN THE WHITEHAVEN PIT DISASTER: THE FUNERAL OF 10 OF THE 39 VICTIMS, ESCORTED BY THE 5TH BORDER REGIMENT.



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY: H.R.H. LEAVING ST. MARY ABBOT'S.



THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR AT THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR THE LATE DUCHESS OF ALBANY: HERR STHAMER (EXTREME LEFT) LEAVING ST. MARY ABBOT'S, KENSINGTON, AFTER THE CEREMONY.

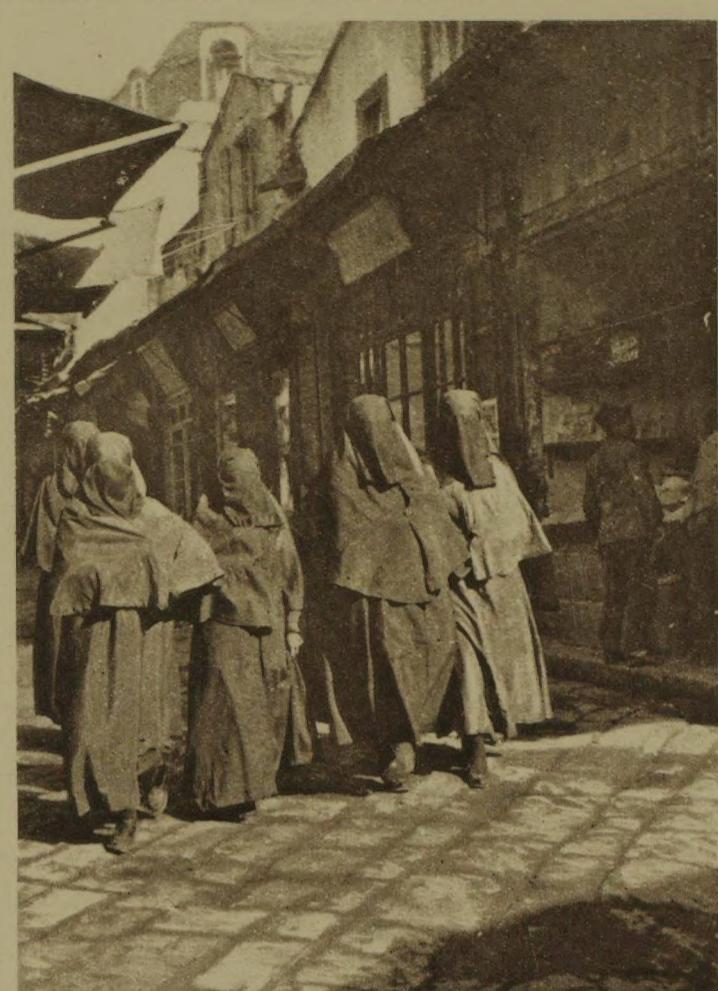


MOURNING HER SISTER-IN-LAW: QUEEN ALEXANDRA (RIGHT), WITH PRINCESS VICTORIA, LEAVING ST. MARY ABBOT'S.

Princess Arthur of Connaught recently left London to rejoin her husband, Prince Arthur, the Governor-General of South Africa, at Pretoria.—The Boys' Golf Championship was won at Ascot, on September 9, by H. S. Mitchell (Sandwich), who beat W. Greenfield (Royal Grammar School, Newcastle-on-Tyne) in the final, over 36 holes, by 4 up and 2 to play.—A new method of exterminating rats and other vermin has been devised by the Mining Engineering Company, of Sheffield. Ships are fumigated with prussic acid poison gas, and our photograph shows the S.S. "Cumberland" at Tilbury after being so treated. An operator, wearing a respiration apparatus, is seen unstopping one of the ventilators, closed during the process.—In the terrible explosion on September 5 in the Haig Pit

of the Whitehaven Colliery, where the workings run far under the sea, thirty-nine men lost their lives, including a young mining student, Mr. Michael Fell, son of the Vicar of Holy Trinity, Whitehaven. The work of recovering the bodies was long and arduous, owing to falls in the pit. The funeral of ten of the victims took place at Hensingham on the 8th, and those of eight others elsewhere.—A memorial service for the late Duchess of Albany was held at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, on September 8. Among the members of the Royal Family present were the Prince of Wales, Queen Alexandra, Princess Victoria, Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, and Princess Beatrice. Many members of the Diplomatic Corps also attended the ceremony, including the German Ambassador.

## THE BIRTHPLACE OF "BRIDGE"? SMYRNA—THE CITY OF THE MOMENT.



IN THE CITY JUST CAPTURED BY THEIR COMPATRIOTS: A GROUP OF VEILED TURKISH WOMEN IN THE STREETS OF SMYRNA.



ONE OF THE SEVEN CITIES WHICH CLAIMED TO BE THE BIRTHPLACE OF HOMER: SMYRNA—A DISTANT VIEW OF THE BAY.



"IT IS FIRMLY BELIEVED THAT THE GAME OF 'BRIDGE' WAS ORIGINALLY INVENTED AND FIRST PLAYED UNDER THE SHADOW OF MOUNT PAGUS, WHICH DOMINATES SMYRNA": A GENERAL VIEW OVER THE ROOFS OF THE CITY WHICH HAS FALLEN TO KEMAL PASHA.

Smyrna, which fell to the Turks under Kemal Pasha on September 9, is a very ancient city, with a stirring history. Among its many claims to distinction, including that (which it contested with six rival cities) of being the birthplace of Homer, is one of more immediate interest that may be new to most of our readers. A writer in the "Times" says: "It is firmly believed by many, and on apparently good grounds, that the game of bridge was originally invented and first played under the shadow of Mount Pagus, which dominates Smyrna and is crowned by interesting mediæval ruins. Certain it is that 'no trumps' scored ten trick for whole decades in Smyrna before the Portland Club

decided to reduce them from twelve to ten—and, indeed, before the Portland Club had ever heard of bridge at all." We may recall that bridge was first introduced into Britain, by Lord Brougham, at the Portland Club in 1894, and auction bridge at the Bath Club in 1907. A form of bridge was played in Constantinople in 1860, and thence it found its way to Alexandria, and later to the French clubs of the Riviera. It appeared in Paris about 1892. An early variety of the game was known in Holland, and another in Russia, under the name of *yerakash*. During the war the Gulf of Smyrna was blockaded by British war-ships, and several went there recently to protect British interests.

# The Best of the Book

## CHINA'S MOST INDEPENDENT PROVINCE: IN AND ROUND YUNNAN FOU.\*

YUNNAN, most southerly and most inherently independent of the Provinces of China, and its capital, Yunnan Fou, are a curiosity-shop of life, a jumble of anachronisms, glamour and grime, a glut of the rags and bones of the East, with fragments of the baked meats and wedding-garments of the West.

It had three "gates"—two by way of China, one through Burmah: now it has a fourth, by rail from



THE MAN PLAYING THE WOMAN WITH HIS FEET "CAMOUFLAGED" INTO THE CHARACTERISTIC SMALL FEET: THE HERO AND HEROINE (RIGHT) OF A CHINESE DRAMA.

Women are not allowed to act. Men playing women's rôles learn to walk, run, skip and dance on the tips of their toes. The little Chinese shoe is fixed on the wearer's toe and his heel is cleverly camouflaged.

Photograph from "In and Round Yunnan Fou"; by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. William Heinemann, Ltd.

Hai-Phong, chief port of Tonking, an enterprise made possible by the ingenuity and engineering skill of the French. It is true that the journey is one of three days, punctuated by nights "at the halt," and that the line is, of necessity, so twisty-and-turny that it induces "sea-sickness"; but the scenic effects are well worth the troubled experience, and the end is of unusual interest. After all, the whole thing is a triumph of man over nature and, at least, a great deal better than the customary travel in a land whose "Celestial" masters never mend or broaden a road, nor make a new one, arguing—if they think about it at all, which is doubtful—that what has been good enough for centuries past is good enough for the present generation. Even the food and the fumes are forgiven by those who have suffered the other methods: and the "eats" are served, to put it politely, promiscuously; while, as to the smoke, well, it can only be likened to that of certain sections of the Underground as they were in the bad old days—"one could not swallow for some little time after passing through a tunnel. The smoke rushed in by all the windows choking and blinding you. Ordinary engine smoke is bad enough, but the coal which is burnt along this railway comes from the mines of Yunnan and is full of sulphur. It suffocates you, so that you can hardly breathe, much less swallow dry bread or tough chicken."

In time, however, grey-tiled roofs come into view and the Victory Towers. It is Yunnan Fou, first known to a European, in the romantic person of Marco Polo, the Venetian, in 1272, and called Yachi; later familiar to exploring English and French; now in the latter's sphere of influence, although very much under the personal direction of the potent and enlightened General Tsai, who entered it with the Revolutionary Army in those epoch-marking eleven-years-ago, and took over from the Viceroy, Ly Kinh Che, who did not find it vital to avoid the enemy, as did the beaten Tu-Wen-Hsieu, of Mussul-

man Tali-Fou, in 1873. "The Imperial Government had promised to spare the town if it surrendered unconditionally. Without any illusion as to the fates which awaited the members of his family he put them all to death. Then he dressed himself in his richest robes and ascended an improvised throne decorated with curtains of golden yellow which is the emblem of sovereign power. The crowd acclaimed him for a last time and he was borne through the unviolated door of the Citadel in order to give himself up to Fu-Sai. . . . When the Chinese Governor saw the procession advancing he could not control his great joy. He signalled to the chair-bearers to stop in order that he might triumph over the spectacle of the vanquished enemy. As there was no movement within the chair he himself flung aside the gold brocade curtains. Tu-Wen-Hsieu was dead. Before crossing the ramparts of Tali-Fou he had taken a poison composed of opium vinegar and peacock's dung which had done its work."

But, to more recent days. See the Chinese fighting-men in the making at Yunnan Fou. Mme. Vassal describes it thus: "The parade ground was not without disadvantages, however, for between 5 and 6 every morning soldiers arrived for drill. In Europe one hears only the voice of the officer as he shouts his commands, but Chinese soldiers repeat the commands in chorus. They mark time with their voices as energetically as with their feet. I could hardly believe at first that the cries were human; they resembled rather the barking of dogs, but, when I saw the men's wide open mouths and how their heads and bodies were shaken as they emitted the sounds, it did not much astonish me. . . . They were trained on the Japanese method. Some of the new recruits had no idea of marching or of any disciplined movement whatever. It is true that they were probably wearing boots for the first time in their lives. . . . The non-commissioned officers smacked their faces, kicked them, or occasionally hit them with a strap if they were too stupid or clumsy, but without brutality."

Little less was to be expected of an ancient people bred in a tradition of such manners, a nation, now in the melting-pot, whose passions are still elemental, whose craze for education and the passing of exams, even in the seventieth or eightieth year, is linked in many cases with a natural cruelty, a state of mind which makes them welcome such spectacles, fortunately rare, as that which was the culmination of a native theatrical entertainment witnessed sickeningly and out of politeness rather than desire by Dr. Vassal and his wife and party.

First, let it be noted, by the way, that on the Chinese stage there are no women: "a century or two ago they were forbidden to act at all: it was considered not only immoral for the women themselves but also immoral for the spectators to hear virtuous words and witness virtuous deeds through the medium of characters so much despised in real life, the idea no doubt being that such worthless women should not be the means of inspiring sympathy and exhorting to piety."

Of one of the *ersatz* actresses, Mme. Vassal writes: "Her quick and agile movements as she begged for mercy or indignantly denied the crime of which she was accused were astonishing when her dress, swinging aside, disclosed to us her tiny feet. They were not more than three inches long and though perhaps not smaller than many others, yet we had seen no one possessed of such small extremities who did not hobble along like a cripple."

"Then I remembered that no Chinese woman is ever allowed on the stage and that this must be a man taking a woman's part. I enquired how the small feet were engineered and was told that men who wish to train for women's rôles must learn to walk, run, skip, and dance on the tips of their toes like ballet dancers. The little Chinese shoe is fixed

on the wearer's toe and his heel is cleverly camouflaged."

But to return to the "Guignolism." The wicked woman of the story flung herself from a high table on to the floor and so came to Hell, a victim to the monsters who are the Devils of the nether world. Then followed painfully realistic representations of a series of elaborately fiendish tortures. Men were beaten till they shrieked for mercy and were bound on boards spiked with sharp nails. Tongues were cut out; noses were sliced off; and eyes and ears. Children were dropped into fire; and "a few decapitations finished the evening. Men were forced down on their knees, their necks placed over blocks of wood and their heads severed by a single stroke of the executioner's sword, the bodies rolling in one direction, the heads in another, a most mystifying and clever trick."

All was illusion, of course, but what an entertainment! Little wonder that the Europeans were not in at the finish!

Other "curios" are many. Let the collector exhibit at least one other. Mme. Vassal asked her Annamese woman guide why the cats had collars and were chained up like dogs. "There was one in every shop and generally miauling piteously. Though fat and well kept they were very ordinary animals of no intrinsic value. . . . Ti Ba's explanation was that cats acted as charms to the merchant who possessed them; good cats bringing their owner good and plentiful custom. The older a cat, the more efficient was it in bringing good luck to the merchant. . . . The Chinese have no real faith in the deities of their temples nor in the efficacy of genuflexions nor of burning prayers (slips of coloured paper inscribed with Chinese characters) but they feel that at any rate these things can do no harm and wish to be on the safe side. They desire to appease spirits and genii in case they chance to exist and might wreak vengeance upon them. But they are at bottom incredulous and only fulfil such rites through long custom just as we might avoid crossing our knives, walking under a ladder or sitting down thirteen to a meal."

Add: the fish pagoda, "thus named because it is built on a pond or rather a small lake which teems with carp and gold fish. Visitors and pilgrims after their devotions before the altar never fail to go and sit or kneel on the semi-circular stone seat overlooking the water and gaze down over the balustrade at the myriads of fish. Here one finds the inevitable old woman with her stall and for a cent you can buy a big round biscuit and for a sapek a handful of tiny dried flowers. The fish prefer these flowers—if they are flowers—to anything else and when a handful is thrown to them (being very light they spread out



IN CHINA'S MOST INDEPENDENT PROVINCE: THE COUNTRYSIDE NEAR YUNNAN FOU.

Photograph from "In and Round Yunnan Fou"; by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. William Heinemann, Ltd.

over a large surface) all we could see was a mass of wide, black, open mouths. The carp is never eaten by the Chinese; it is a bold and very strong fish capable of swimming up stream and probably for this reason has become symbolic of the male child."

We put on our coat of ceremony to greet Mme. Vassal. She presents a varied, well-chosen "collection" which cannot fail to attract.

## THE AIR AS RACE-COURSE: THE WINNING OF THE KING'S CUP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., C.N., AND TOPICAL.



INCLUDING MR. F. P. RAYNHAM (THIRD FROM LEFT, STANDING), WHO CAME IN SECOND: SOME OF THE PILOTS WHO COMPETED IN THE AIR RACE.



THE FINISH: MR. F. L. BARNARD, WINNER (BY LEFT END OF WING FACING CAMERA), CONGRATULATED ON LANDING, WHILE MR. RAYNHAM TAXIS UP.



CROYDON AERODROME AS AN "EPSOM" OF THE AIR: THE CROWD WATCHING MR. F. L. BARNARD'S MACHINE COMING IN FIRST IN THE 810-MILE AIR RACE ROUND BRITAIN, HAVING FLOWN FROM GLASGOW AT 130 MILES AN HOUR.



A LADY "OWNER" WHO COMPLETED THE COURSE AS PASSENGER: LADY ANNE SAVILE AND HER PILOT, FLYING-OFFICER L. HAMILTON.



THE KING'S CUP PRESENTED: (L. TO R.) MR. F. L. BARNARD (PILOT), SIR S. INSTONE (OWNER), AND LT.-COL. MOORE-BRABAZON (JUDGE).

The great Circuit of Britain air handicap for the King's Cup, from London to Glasgow and back, was won on September 9 by Mr. F. L. Barnard, who came in first at Croydon Aerodrome, followed within twelve minutes by Mr. F. P. Raynham (second) and Mr. A. J. Cobham (third). The course was from Croydon to Glasgow (394 miles), by way of Birmingham and Newcastle-on-Tyne, and back via Manchester and Bristol (416 miles), a distance of 810 miles in all. Mr. Barnard, who started last but one from Croydon on the 8th, was the first to reach Glasgow, his flying time for this stage being 3 hours 21 min. 20 sec. The return journey he accomplished in 3 hours 10 min. 37 sec.—an average speed of about 130 miles an

hour. He flew a D.H. (De Havilland) 4A machine, with a 350-h.p. Rolls-Royce Eagle VIII. engine. The machine was entered by Sir Samuel Instone, to whom the judge of the race, Lieut.-Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon, presented the King's Cup. The group in the top left-hand photograph shows (from left to right): Standing—Captain C. C. T. Turner, Mr. F. T. Courtney, Mr. F. P. Raynham, Lieut.-Colonel F. K. McClean, Mr. C. T. Holmes, Captain F. C. Broome, Captain S. Cockerell, Mr. R. A. de H. Haig, and Captain A. F. Muir. Seated in front—Mr. H. H. Perry, Mr. M. M. Piercy, and Commander Perrin, Secretary of the Royal Aero Club.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

THAT part of literature which Dr. Johnson confessed he "loved most," the biographical part, has an extraordinarily large place among new and forthcoming publications. The Prime Minister's book, although it has other purposes, cannot escape the autobiographical, with all that that implies of fascination. For that we must wait a little, but meanwhile there is more than enough of full-dress biography ready or at hand to satisfy the most exacting reader who is of Dr. Johnson's persuasion.

The list includes Mr. Garvin's eagerly awaited *Biography of Joseph Chamberlain*; the *Austin Dobson Memoirs* (Dent), for which Mr. Edmund Gosse has written a biographical introduction; and Mr. A. G. Gardiner's *Life of Sir William Harcourt*, which Messrs. Constable have in hand. Next month Messrs. Butterworth promise "Indiscretions of Lady Susan" (Lady Susan Townley), and in November the same firm will issue the second volume of the *Indiscretions*—I apologise—"The Autobiography of Margot Asquith." In Mr. Heinemann's October list will appear "The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page," the former U.S. Ambassador. Mr. Edward Arnold promises Mr. Ian Colvin's "Life of Dr. Jameson."

Scottish biography has an even longer list all to itself, thanks to the good offices of Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Lady Frances Balfour has written the life of George, fourth Earl of Aberdeen, Byron's "travelled thane, Athenian Aberdeen," under whose administration the country "drifted into" the Crimean War. Lady Airlie's "Lady Palmerston and her Times" will be another interesting contribution to the subject of women in politics at a period when their place was more that of the power behind the throne than it is at the present more forward day, when Praxagora has superseded Aspasia. With these the same publishing house announces "The Life of Professor A. R. MacEwen," by Professor D. S. Cairns, and "The Life of Lord Guthrie," by Sheriff Orr. Last, and by no means least, is the biography of a very great Scotsman of recent times, Principal Alex. Whyte, D.D., of New College, Edinburgh, in whom the spirit and the incomparable literary style of the old Puritan divines was reincarnate. The life, now all but completed, has been written by Dr. Whyte's nephew, Dr. G. Freeland Barbour, who bears a name of high Scottish tradition. Apart from publishers' announcements, I hear that Dr. Hay Fleming will before long publish another book on

Mary Queen of Scots, a work that is likely to say a final word on the mystery of the Casket Letters.

Interesting light has been thrown by the *Century Magazine* for September on the question of a novelist's relation to contemporary fiction, and to the opinions of the critics. The article in question contains some hitherto unpublished letters written by George Eliot to Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, the American author, whose book "The Gates Ajar" had a huge vogue in its day. George Eliot told Miss Phelps that she made it a rule not to read contemporary fiction. The only novels of her own day that she knew were Miss Thackeray's and a few of Anthony Trollope's. "For my own spiritual food," she wrote, "I need all other sorts of reading more than I need fiction."

My constant groan is that I must leave so much of the greatest writing which the centuries have sifted for us unread for want of time." This is possibly putting the case for neglect of contemporaries on the very highest grounds. It may, however, be carried too far, to a writer's loss, and not in the department of fiction alone. So omnivorous a reader as Macaulay had his obstinate exclusions. You remember how Sir George Trevelyan regrets that his uncle should have remained wilfully blind and deaf to Carlyle.

To criticism of her own work George Eliot paid very little attention. She "adopted this rule as a necessary preservative against influences that would have ended by nullifying my powers of writing. Mr. Lewes reads anything written about me that comes his way, and occasionally gives me reports of what he reads, if it happens to show an unusual insight or an unusual ineptitude." She considered "the criticism of any new writing shifting and untrustworthy," and she felt that no critic could have "so keen a sense of the shortcomings in my own works as that I groan under in the course of writing them." Again George Eliot takes high grounds. Her aloofness is most happily free from the petulance in which writers of smaller consideration occasionally indulge towards the Jack Bunsbys whose task it is to "give an opinion." The smaller attitude has been very neatly hit off in a recent number of *Harper's*, in an amusing story that makes an implicit reassertion of old sane standards in poetic criticism, and indicates that America is, despite certain appearances, not entirely given over to madness and folly in verse. Of that Mr. Prescott gave evidence in a remark of his quoted here the other day: "In a subject as old as poetry, the orthodox view is apt to be sound." The story in *Harper's* is a diverting skit on the extravagant school. The heroine, Cynthia, is a poetic school by herself: she is a "sensitivist," with a proper abhorrence of critics—"ignorant brutes, all of them, who condemned because they did not understand. 'Stranglers of progress,' she called them, and 'eclipsers of light.'" Her four-line poem "Cameo," recited at a dinner party to a company not sympathetic, deserves the widest fame. She described it as "an impression which I transcribed this morning. You may not grasp it—you doubtless will not. It is a mood. I call it 'Cameo.' You will see for yourselves that it is clear cut. 'Cameo,' she repeated softly, crooning the word as if it were a lullaby. And then—

"Proximate already,  
You slither edaciously more  
proximate,  
prodigiously, oh, preposterously  
repellent—

Sabine woman, I am your sister!"

"Thank you," said Annabel. "It was good of you to let us hear it; and

it helps me to realise how sadly in need of modern education most of us are. You are years ahead of us, Miss Bowen." The author of the story, Mr. Gordon Arthur Smith, has done the State some service.

The critic of the finest vintage needs no bush, but it is always good to hear him heartily praised. And it is better still when his praise is in the mouth of those who represent the forward movement. In the current *London Mercury*, Mr. J. B. Priestly has fine things to say of Mr. George Saintsbury's universality. "It is the almost unique combination of extraordinarily wide reading and research, and unflagging appreciation, gusto (call it what you will), that makes him so rare a critic, so delightful a guide and a companion in letters, for this or any other time. There is such a brave and human spirit shining through everything that he has written that one is stupefied at the queer epithets—'academic,' 'pedantic,' and the like—that have been hurled at him by novelists turned critics, and others; until one remembers that, to such persons, he has had the pedantry, the pedagogical insolence, to prefer Shakespeare and Fielding, Thackeray and Shelley, Dryden and Swift to them and their friends." Mr. Priestly, perhaps lest he be thought too old-fashioned, must qualify his eulogy with the opinion that Mr. Saintsbury's touch is not quite so sure in dealing with literature produced since 1850; "he tends to react over-much against current enthusiasms"; but we should not mind wagering that Time will be found on the side of Mr. Saintsbury's view. In spite of this saving clause, however, Mr. Priestly's remarks will find a very general and very warm endorsement. Literary workers, in particular,



A FAMOUS ROMANCER WHO HAS JUST PUBLISHED A NEW NOVEL: MR. JEFFERY FARNOl, WITH HIS WIFE, IN THEIR GARDEN AT WITHDEAN, BRIGHTON.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol, author of "The Broad Highway," "The Amateur Gentleman," and other well-known romantic stories, has just published a new one, called "Peregrine's Progress; or, Diana of the Dawn" (Sampson, Low).

Photograph by Keystone View Co.



BELIEVED BY SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE TO REPRESENT REAL CREATURES: "FRANCES AND THE FAIRIES"—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH IN HIS NEW BOOK.

In his new book Sir Arthur Conan Doyle gives a fuller account of the remarkable photographs, said to represent real fairies, taken by two girls at Cottingley, in Yorkshire. The above he describes as "a perfectly straight single-exposure photograph, taken in the open air under natural conditions."

From "The Coming of the Fairies," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. (See Review on page 444.)



"FRANCES AND THE LEAPING FAIRY": PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE OF THE ACTUAL EXISTENCE OF FAIRIES IN SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S NEW BOOK.

Describing this and other illustrations in his book, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle says: "They disclose no trace of being other than perfectly genuine photographs. . . . The fairy is leaping up from the leaves below and hovering for a moment—it had done so three or four times."

From "The Coming of the Fairies," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. By Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

can never fully estimate their debt to the former occupant of the Edinburgh Chair of English Literature. How often do they find, when they are engaged on some piece of research, major or minor, that it is Mr. Saintsbury's friendly hand that offers them just the very key of which they stand in need? And with that key he throws open to them how wide and deep and varied a storehouse of knowledge!

Although the individual author may feel, with George Eliot, that the critic is not helpful, even the greatest have profited by the reviewers. Was there not a benevolent conspiracy to bring Meredith into his own, after a long period of obscurity? The latest link in the chain of recognition thus forged is the delightful new small edition, "the Mickleham," now being issued by Messrs. Constable, at 5s. net a volume. The very cheap edition may never arrive, but that is, perhaps, in the nature of things. One remembers an experiment in paper covers (of a properly dignified sort) that did not see completion. Meredith must always, even in his *format*, remain elect and apart.

## Photography as a Fine Art: Exhibits at the London Salon of Photography.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEWIS E. BANFIELD IN THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.

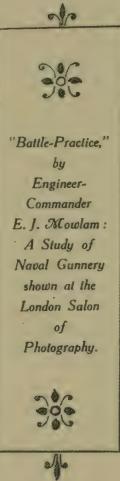


*"The Concentration of Sunda Singh": A Study of an old Indian Craftsman,  
by Lewis E. Banfield.*



## PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART: AT SEA WITH THE FLEET.

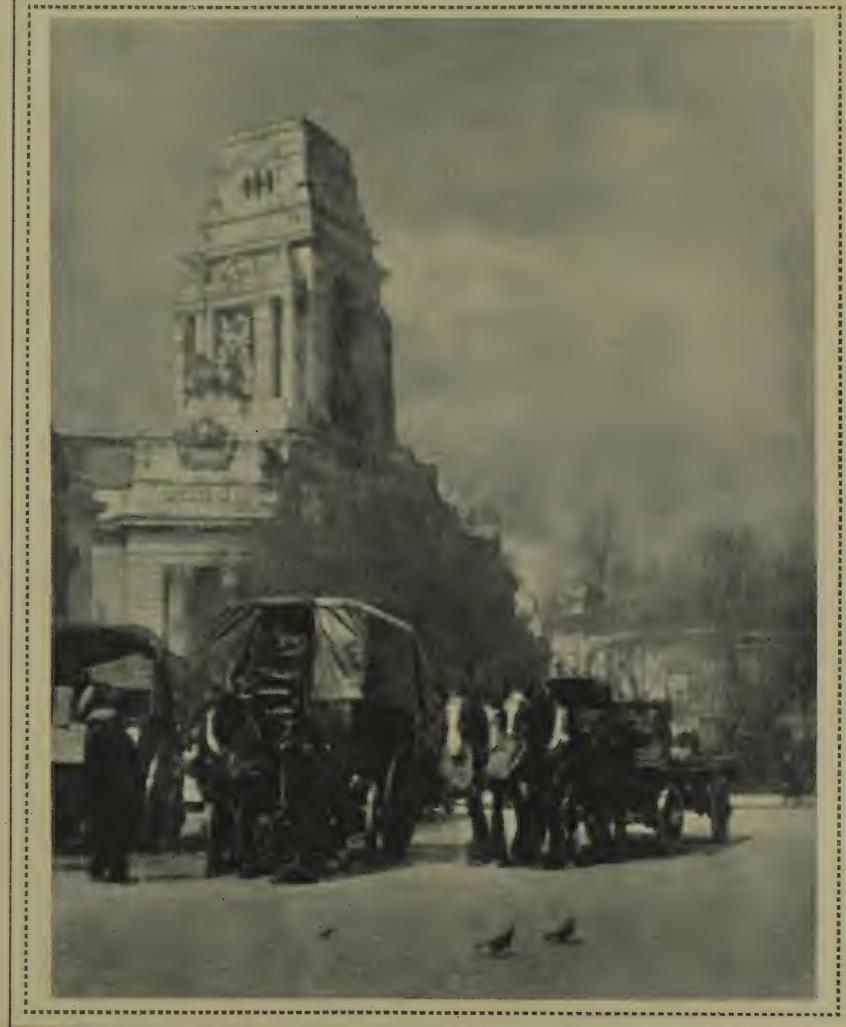
PHOTOGRAPHS BY ENGINEER-COMMANDER E. J. MOWLAM, EXHIBITED IN THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.



"The Smoke-Screen," by Engineer-Commander E. J. Mowlam: A Naval Device much used in the War illustrated at the London Salon of Photography.

## PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART: THE NEW PORT OF LONDON BUILDING.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERTRAM COX IN THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.



"A Temple of Commerce," by Bertram Cox: The New Building of the Port of London Authority, a Photograph in the London Salon of Photography.

## PHOTOGRAPHY AS A FINE ART: CHILDHOOD'S MORNING HOUR.

PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BOLOGNA IN THE LONDON SALON OF PHOTOGRAPHY.



*"Le Lever des Petits," by A. Bologna: A Charming Interior exhibited at the London Salon of Photography.*

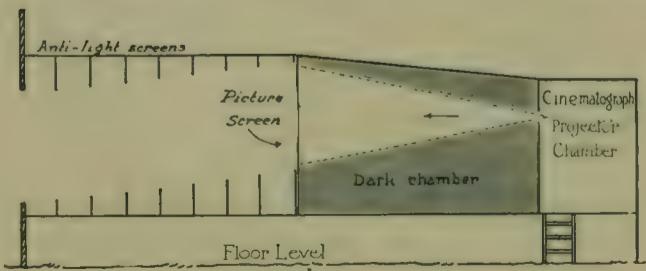
## SHOWING A FILM IN BROAD DAYLIGHT: THE "CINÉOJOUR."

DRAWING BY C. E. TURNER. COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.—C.R.



OUR diagram shows the principle upon which the daylight cinema works. Situated between the audience and the picture-screen is a proscenium, to the interior of which is fitted a series of black cloth screens which prevent outside light from reaching the transparent picture-screen. At the far end is a small chamber

*[Continued opposite.]*



The exhibition of cinematograph films in full daylight, with its problems of excluding all outside light from the screen and at the same time giving a brilliant picture, presented difficulties which baffled the ingenuity of inventors for many years past, but the solution has now been achieved by a French inventor, M. Ernest Bertron, who has produced the "Cinéjour" shown above. As will be seen by our drawing, the audience may sit in full daylight to witness the subjects which are projected. Hitherto, darkness has been one of the greatest obstacles to the intro-

duction of the cinematograph into schools and colleges, as it is almost impossible for students to take notes in the dark, and, moreover, teachers are unable to supervise a class which cannot be seen. For ordinary entertainment purposes, the advantages of an exhibition in open air, or in an illuminated building, are obvious. Not merely are sunshine and fresh air a benefit to health, but the possible danger of fire, or panic in the dark, is avoided. The invention is controlled by the Cinéjour Syndicate, 29A, Charing Cross Road, London.

containing the film projection apparatus, whence the light-rays pass through a darkened passage until they reach their focus on the viewing-screen. As the pictures are projected towards the audience (and not from behind as normally), the film is reversed, so that subjects are viewed correctly as regards left and right.

## CRAWLING THROUGH A SAINT'S TOMB TO BRING EVIL ON THEIR ENEMIES: A STRANGE BRITTANY PARDON.

DRAWN BY FRÉDÉRIC DE HAENEN. (COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA—C.R.)



## "LOVE, HATE, CHARITY, BLOODY THOUGHTS, HOPES, FEARS . . . ARE INVOKED OF THE GOOD SAINT": THE PARDON OF ST. YVES AT MINIHY—A BRETON PILGRIMAGE.

Among the quaint religious festivals of Brittany, known as Pardons, one of the strangest and most picturesque is the Pardon of St. Yves Héloury, held at Tréguier, and the neighbouring village of Minihy. It is known as the Pardon of the Poor, because St. Yves was especially a friend of the needy, to whom he was immensely charitable. He was born in 1255 at the château of Kermartin, and died in 1303. His profession was that of ecclesiastical law, and so he became also a patron saint of lawyers. To him resort those who have been wronged and desire revenge upon their enemies. There is a cenotaph of St. Yves in the cathedral at Tréguier, where his skull is kept in a golden shrine, but his actual tomb is that shown in our drawing, outside the church at Minihy. Several writers have described the scene here illustrated. M. Anatole Le Braz, in "The Land of Pardons," writes: "In the churchyard close by the porch is a sculptured tomb of modest aspect

and without inscription. An opening in the form of an arch goes through it from one side to the other. The pilgrims pass through on their hands and knees, and kiss with their lips the stones below. As they rise, their faces are soiled with mud, but radiant. They have derived a sacred strength from the rude contact, and the life-giving virtue of Yves Héloury has passed into their souls." In "Vagabond Days in Brittany," Mr. Leslie Richardson says: "Everybody crawls through: men with a blood-feud against their brother; women with hate and spite in their bosoms; boys with ambitions at Olympian heights; girls with pure white souls; fat merchants; lean beggars; farmers and soldiers; tinkers and fishermen. . . . On their knees they utter prayers. Some want revenge; some crave for the love of another; some ask for wealth; . . . love, hate, charity, bloody thoughts, hopes, fears—all . . . are invoked of the good saint."

# The World of the Theatre

By J. T. GREIN.

## "SNAP."—"ZOZO."—"DOUBLE, OR QUIT!"

"A.A.I," I said to Mr. Herbert Clark, the courteous A.D.C. of Mr. Charlton at the Vaudeville, as people were buzz-buzzing around in unison of acclamation. And this time I could have added quite truthfully, "the best revue I have ever seen in London." What a progress since, some ten years ago (or was it not so long?—the war has disarranged the memory of time), George Grossmith valiantly, and, I believe, somewhat daintily, essayed his first steps on a field that hitherto entirely belonged to Paris and Brussels!

I do not know whether it is Mr. Charlton's Parisian descent and pedigree, but he is the man who, with means of almost archaic simplicity, invents ideas of striking novelty and spots the right sort of collaborator to write dialogue and scenes. Also, he finds the right type of actor, and is not afraid of giving new people a chance. Now, in "Snap," an apt title if ever there was one, there is such a review of capital scenes, of witty episodes, of personal achievements, that it is difficult to remember them all, and it would be a mere price-list to enumerate and appraise them properly. Everybody, from the chorus—a real beauty show, in costumes of real charm—to the three leading spirits, Clarice Mayne, Cicely Debenham, and the unique A. W. Baskcomb (who promises to become Leslie Henson's twin in popularity), works with will and vim; and, forsooth, hard work it is to change like a chameleon in twenty-one scenes both characters and costumes. Indeed, in some cases the transformation is so perfect and so amazing that it amounts to reincarnation—e.g., Messrs. Royston and Mundin's imitations of George Robey and Henry Ainley. I would wager an allowance of sherry such as was the Laureate's perquisite in the good old days, that if these two went to a provincial town they could hoax the population into the belief that they were the real artists. As for Mr. A. W. Baskcomb, of many creations and every one of them a hit, his old woman in one of the scenes gladdens us with the thought that at length a lineal successor has been found of the late Fred Emney's gentle art. Another manifestation of ingenious versatility is Miss Cicely Debenham's transitions from a gay and ubiquitous leader of chorus to a flapper of suburban guilelessness and a very knowing dresser of a star. One of these days Miss Debenham will rejoice us in pure comedy of the highest order. The other leading lady, Miss Clarice Mayne, in the first scenes, does not reach the "snap" of Vaudeville revue and her voice is a little husky; but later on she, too, develops the sense of comedy, and she is ever winsome to behold. In Miss Marjorie Spiers we have the ideal British belle of the play, with agreeable traces of novitiate; and Messrs. Royston and Mundin, already praised *en passant*—do many weird things and do them uncommonly well.

As I write, I would single out scenes—nearly always the clever conceits of Ronald Jeans (known to fame since the "Kiss Cure") and Dion Titheradge, but, truth to tell, I should have to see this revue a second—nay, a third—time to allot the apple to the rightful winner. Paramount in a memory slightly befogged by twenty-one items of variety and wit, there dwell in my mind the skits on the newspaper insurance stunt; on relativity; on critics, their exceptions and subsequent effects—but, as I say, the pleasant chaos baffles me. My readers had better go and see for themselves, and thank the Vaudevillists for an evening of perfect happiness.

"Zo-Zo," Mr. José Levy's adaptation of Parisian farce of very old vintage, by Maurice Vaucaire and the actor-dramatist Grenet-Dancourt, once upon a time

the great magnet of the Théâtre Cluny, has a capital first act, in which the usual part of the country gentleman with naughty little attachments in Paris is laid out with skill and buoyancy. The rest is merely "so-so." As a rule, the high-water mark in this kind of piece is reached in the second act—the "middle moat of the salmon," as I once called

to suit British taste; but perhaps he would have been better advised to apply his adroitness to material more modern than this *vieux jeu*, which is now fairly played out, because it has been overdone and "overlaid."

But there is one thing that remains interesting when watching a farce of this sort, and that is how on earth it is possible for the authors to make head or tail of these plots, when we in front feel as if we had strayed into a comic lunatic-asylum, and laugh because escapades, peccadilloes, and prevarication never fail to provoke mirth, and a good laugh by your neighbour is as infectious as the mumps. After all, the playwright who, with his tongue in his cheek, knows how to calculate with almost mathematical precision when the laugh will come in, must have one of these unconscious gifts which constitute the instinct of the theatre—the thing that is either there or never learnt. At the Strand, "Zo-Zo" is pleasantly played by clever people such as Margaret Yarde, Helen Kinnaird, Farren Soutar, and dear old Arthur Helmore, a fine comedian of the veteran school, whose every word sounds like a bell, whose every wink or smile speaks volumes.

There was some pretty sparring at the Aldwych the other day between the older school of acting and the new. The play of the occasion, "Double—or Quit!" by Theophilus Charlton, was no "great shakes," probably the work of a beginner who has done much wandering through the museum of theatrical farce. Here and there a good line flits across it like a will-o'-the-wisp; some situations are funny because the actors hand them on joyfully; but the story of the wild boy who must marry lest he forgo a fortune, and advertises for a wife with grotesque results, is neither new nor particularly adroitly told. The wireless of the central idea dwindles in traffic, and, withal, we felt that this was a play tried in London for provincial consumption, where it will go very well.

The interest of the evening lay between young Mr. Donald Calthrop and another veteran, Mr. C. W. Somerset. Calthrop was the vital spark of the play; Somerset a caricature of the old manner of the days of frockcoats, Gladstone collars, flowing ties and ditto cups. He was hired out by

Mr. Selfridge for occasional entertainments, and with him the stage-world of last century's midway reappeared like a delightful phantom conjured up by memory. Here he was as dignified as a Cæsar, as grandiloquent as an Antony of the other side of the water, as awe-inspiring as a domineering genius, as declamatory as a Hyde Park orator—a big, bouncing personality with the roar of a lion and the heart of a child. My thoughts wandered towards the other clever achievement of an older actor mentioned above.

There is something wonderfully magnetic, expressive, yet pathetically ludicrous in these reincarnations of yesteryear, and it is all the more creditable to the impersonators that they mock it without exaggeration. Such an impersonation as Mr. Somerset's manifests a knowledge, a surety of touch, a delicate sense of humour which amount to ingenuity. Without having the stage to themselves, they take it by a rare combination of art, craft, and experience. Mr. Donald Calthrop, the younger artist, does it in different ways. He just lets himself go; he is here, there, everywhere—does a thousand little things which have nothing to do with the part, interpolates words and thoughts which I wager you would vainly seek in the MS. But it all tells, is vastly amusing, and, as Mr. Calthrop does not try to eclipse his fellow-players, dull moments are glossed over, and one forgets the vacuity of the plot because the players keep us busy and amused.



"BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE": MISS MADGE TITHERADGE IN THE TITLE-RÔLE OF THE NEW COMEDY AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" is a comedy adapted by Mr. Arthur Wimperis from the French of Alfred Savoir.—[Photograph by Stage Photo Co.]

it to save a lot of explanation—but in this case there is much hurry-scurry for no particular reason, and the third act is mere fizz and no fizz. That is, of course, not the adaptor's fault, for he had to use the powder-puff to improve a Parisian complexion



THE DISCOMFITURE OF A MODERN BLUEBEARD: (L. TO R.) MISS MADGE TITHERADGE AS MONNA, MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS JOHN BROWN, AND MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD AS COUNT HUBERT, IN "BLUEBEARD'S EIGHTH WIFE" AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

John Brown is a millionaire who marries women on condition that, in return for a settled income, they shall, when he desires a change, provide evidence to enable him to get a divorce. Monna, his eighth choice, loves him, but resolves to punish him for making such insulting terms. She becomes his wife, but only in name, and then plots for him to catch her in an apparently compromising situation with a bibulous young count in her bedroom. The consequent divorce is followed by reconciliation.

Photograph by Stage Photo Co.

## THE FIRST ESKIMO FILM SHOWN: "NANOOK OF THE NORTH."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MR. ROBERT J. FLAHERTY, F.R.G.S. BY COURTESY OF THE PROVINCIAL CINEMATOGRAPH THEATRES COMPANY AND THE NEW GALLERY KINEMA.



"NANOOK PICKED OUT THE BIGGEST BULL AND WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH LANDED HIS HARPOON": THE BEGINNING OF A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE WITH A WALRUS.



A MARVEL OF PACKING: NANOOK IN HIS TINY BOAT, WHICH CONTAINS HIS WHOLE FAMILY TUCKED AWAY BELOW DECK.



"CARUSO . . . SENT THEM INTO PEALS OF LAUGHTER": NANOOK'S FIRST EXPERIENCE OF A GRAMOPHONE, WHOSE RECORD HE TRIED TO EAT.



WITH HER BABY CARRIED, IN ESKIMO FASHION, ON THE BACK; AND HER PET DOG: ONE OF NANOOK'S TWO WIVES.

"Nanook of the North," produced at the New Gallery Cinema by the Provincial Cinematograph Theatres Company, is described by the explorer who took it, Mr. Robert J. Flaherty, F.R.G.S., as "an epic of primitive man," and "the only film that has ever been made by active co-operation between Eskimo and European, and the only one which has ever had a 'first night' in the Arctic Circle." The first films of Eskimo life were taken in Baffin Land in 1913, but were destroyed by fire in Toronto. "Nanook," which is the result of a recent second effort, was taken at a fur post of Revillon Frères on Cape Dufferin on the N.E. shores of Hudson Bay, 800 miles north of the Ontario rail-head. Nanook himself is a

mighty hunter, and the film shows the daily life of the Eskimos, their toils and dangers. One of the most thrilling scenes is a fight with a herd of walrus, of which Nanook harpooned the biggest bull. The Eskimos were intensely interested in the film when it was shown them. "A village of snow igloos," writes Mr. Flaherty, "sprang up round my winter post. My kitchen, my gramophone, and my pictures were their common property. Caruso, Farrer, and McCormack served their turn with Harry Lauder and jazz king orchestras. Caruso in the prologue to 'Pagliacci' with its tragic ending was to them the most comic record of all. It sent them into peals of laughter and to rolling on the floor."

## Classical Drama According to Japanese Lights.

THE story of the Japanese stage, and the exquisite pictorial records associated therewith, form a subject of fascinating interest, which Londoners have of late had a special opportunity of studying. At the Victoria and Albert Museum there was recently



"MAKE-UP" FOR THE JAPANESE STAGE: ACTORS IN THEIR DRESSING-ROOM AT AN OSAKA THEATRE—A COLOUR-PRINT BY GOTOTEI KUNISADA (1785-1864).

"The make-up," writes Colonel E. F. Strange, "followed pretty much the same lines as those of our own actors and actresses." This print shows dressing-rooms of the Dotombori Theatre, at the Otei tea-house, in Osaka.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.

arranged an exhibition of Japanese colour-prints illustrating Japanese theatrical art, consisting mainly of prints from the Museum collections, along with others lent by Sir R. Leicester Harnsworth and Colonel E. F. Strange, who contributes to the catalogue an introductory note on the history and customs of the Japanese theatre. By the courtesy of Sir Cecil Smith, Director of the Museum, we are able to reproduce a number of the prints on this and other pages.

Japanese drama originated in ancient ceremonial dances, the most famous of which, the No Dances, by the end of the sixteenth century, had so developed as to comprise some seven hundred pieces, chiefly composed by Buddhist priests, some by Court nobles, and some by Shinto priests. They dealt with historical and mythological subjects in a religious and moral manner, very much like English mediaeval mystery plays. Puppet shows, known as *cabuki* plays, became popular among the lower classes, while the No and other ceremonial dances remained in the hands of the aristocracy. Towards the end of the seventeenth century, Japanese drama had reached the form which it has maintained for over two hundred years.

As in this country during the last fifty years or so, the modern stage in Japan has in recent times greatly risen in social prestige. "In the early part of the seventeenth century," writes Colonel Strange, "the Samurai were allowed to frequent theatres, but about the year 1680 this privilege was withdrawn on account of the licentiousness and immorality associated with theatrical matters at that time. This prohibition, and the custom based on it, has only been relaxed in recent years; and practically for two centuries no Japanese man or woman of culture would have dreamed of attending any ordinary theatrical performance. The audience consisted only of the lower classes, and the drama was largely patronised by *geisha* and *yoshiwara*

women. A curious habit prevailed among these of changing their gorgeous apparel four or five times during a play. Drop curtains were very elaborate and beautifully worked. A display of different examples was often provided between the acts to amuse the audience during the changing of scenes. The Japanese also had a revolving stage long before it was used in Europe." (The structure and arrangement of a Japanese theatre, which was generally run in connection with a tea-house, are described under the prints of theatre interiors given on our double page).

"The most popular plays," continues Colonel Strange, "were historical drama. Mr. Osman Edwards, in his admirable account of Japanese theatres, says: 'A Tokyo audience prefers historical drama to any other. What it really loves is a rousing melodrama with plenty of pantomime. Being highly imaginative and patriotic, it revels in impossible exploits by magnificent ancestors! . . . Next in popularity come the love stories. A third class deals with dramas relating to the vicissitudes of great families.'

"In the early days of the popular drama women took part, playing both male and female parts, while men also represented characters of both sexes. 'But,' says Mr. Keiichi Yamasaki, 'under the régime of the third Tokugawa Shogun, the authorities, fearing that some notorious actresses would degrade public morals, prohibited their performances, with the result that women's characters were assumed by some handsome actors who possessed feminine appearance and temperament. From this prohibition originated the peculiarity of the Japanese theatrical profession in which certain actors made a speciality of acting women's parts.' This practice has continued until the present day. The men are said to have carried their rôles into private life, and to have had separate dressing-rooms, locked and carefully guarded. At the same time, it is a fact that there are in Japan one or two women's theatres where the reverse is the case, and all parts, male and female, are played by women."

Of the stage manner of the Japanese actor, we read in Mr. Osman Edwards' account: "His elocution is most distinct, but most intolerably artificial. His voice never strikes a natural note, but is always pitched very high or very low, to evade the coincidental music of the *samisen*, which follows him like a curse from start to finish. His words do not matter so much as his pose and facial expression, for, owing to the enormous size of the theatre, he appeals more to the eye than to the ear. His movements are stiff and jerky, for the traditional stage gait was copied from marionettes, by which the famous seventeenth-century dramas were performed. In two particulars he is superior to European actors—dignity of pose and mobility of features. The Japanese actor never fidgets."

The actor's social position was anomalous. "In his professional capacity," says Colonel Strange, "he was the darling of the crowd. His earnings were enormous. Danjuro the Ninth—the succession of famous names, as in the case of other artists and craftsmen, was maintained from generation to generation—himself told Mr. Arthur Diösy in 1898 that his earnings during four weeks at Osaka amounted to the equivalent of £5000 sterling, of which, in accordance with custom, he had to give away about £2000. But, socially, these men ranked below the skilled artisans. Even the colour-print artists, who made their portraits treated them with scorn and contumely unless the proper attitude towards persons of higher rank was forthcoming. But there seems to have been no question as to

their power of commanding the emotions of their audiences. In fact, some theatres were provided with a tear-room, to which those who were temporarily overcome with grief at the distressful scenes presented to them might retire and recover, so as not to disturb the stronger-minded portion of the audience.

"In one respect the Japanese popular drama is unique. It has a pictorial art of its own, which furnishes an unbroken record from the period of its earliest development; for this development was coincident and most closely allied with that of the Japanese colour-print. At the end of the seventeenth century portraits of actors, engraved on wood and simply coloured by hand, were being produced and in large demand. During the first half of the eighteenth century, the process of printing with a separate block for each colour was developed; and the improvements in the process, perfected by Harunobu and his contemporaries, established the art of the Japanese colour-print on that fine technical basis which has since gained the admiration of the world. One of the earliest groups of colour-print artists, the Torii School, was occupied for several generations almost exclusively with portraits of actors in character. . . . But, in 1842, the Tokugawa Government, which already had, from time to time, shown strong disapproval of the popular drama, issued a decree that effectively checked further activity in this direction, and, incidentally, places in the clearest possible light the view taken by the educated classes of the favourite amusement of the common people. This decree enacted that 'The sale or purchase of single-sheet prints of actors, courtesans, geishas, and such like, being detrimental to morals, no new blocks for the same were to be made; nor were pictures of these subjects already in stock to be bought or sold. Moreover, picture-books . . . containing long and intricate descriptions of the plots of plays, accompanied by portraits of actors, and bound in coloured covers and enclosed in painted



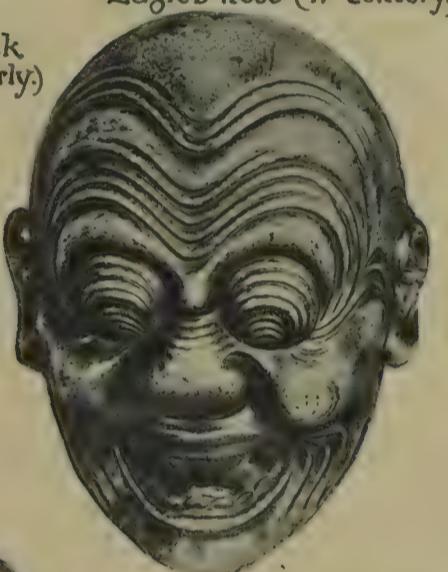
BEHIND THE SCENES AT A JAPANESE THEATRE: ACTORS AWAITING THEIR CUES, AND IN THE WINGS—A COLOUR-PRINT BY GOTOTEI KUNISADA (1785-1864).

Like the other illustration on this page, this colour-print represents Japanese actors behind the scenes at the Dotombori Theatre, in Osaka. It was connected, as usual, with a tea-house.—[By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum.]

wrappers, on which much time and labour had been uselessly expended, and which were sold at a high price, were not to be bought and sold.' " "In spite of official condemnation, however," Colonel Strange concludes, "we have to thank the Japanese popular drama for having inspired the finest school of colour-printing the world has ever seen."

## "MUD-EYE"; EAGLE'S NOSE; DEVILS: MASKS FOR JAPANESE NO DANCES.

FROM THE EXHIBITION OF JAPANESE THEATRICAL ART AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. BY COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM.

Wicked old man  
(17<sup>th</sup> century.)Small Devil's mask  
(17<sup>th</sup> Century early)Small old man  
(19<sup>th</sup> century)Bosatsu. (19<sup>th</sup> century.)Devil's mask  
(17<sup>th</sup> century early)Old man (18<sup>th</sup> century)Old Woman-red Lacquer  
(18<sup>th</sup> century.)Mud-eye mask.  
(17<sup>th</sup> century, late)The Bridge-Maiden.  
(19<sup>th</sup> century.)Thin woman.—  
(18<sup>th</sup> century early)Old man with side-twisted  
face. (13<sup>th</sup> century.)Frightened man. (18<sup>th</sup> century, late)Female demon. (17<sup>th</sup> century, late.)

WORN BY PERFORMERS IN THE CEREMONIAL NO DANCES, FROM WHICH THE JAPANESE DRAMA ORIGINATED:

TYPICAL EXAMPLES OF 17TH AND 18TH CENTURY MASKS MADE BY FAMOUS CRAFTSMEN.

"The origin of the Japanese drama," writes Colonel E. F. Strange in a note on the Exhibition of Japanese Theatrical Art at the Victoria and Albert Museum, "is to be found in the ceremonial dances. . . . Masks were largely used from very ancient times (in the Bugaku Dance) . . . and other historical or religious dances which preceded the best-known of all, the No Dances. . . . By the end of the sixteenth century (they comprised) some 700 pieces . . . treated in a religious and

moral manner, much like our mediæval mysteries. Magnificent costumes were worn, and the text of the chants was of a high literary character. The making of masks for the No and other dances became a distinct branch of handicraft work, and early examples are greatly prized, names of craftsmen being recorded dating (with more or less authenticity) as far back as the sixth century." In the actual drama of Japan, it is stated, masks were never used.

## WITH A "FLOWER-WALK" FOR ACTORS AND "TEAR-ROOM"

FROM JAPANESE COLOUR-PRINTS SHOWN AT THE EXHIBITION OF JAPANESE THEATRICAL



SHOWING (ON LEFT) SPECTATORS WHO HAVE INVaded THE STAGE, AND (ON RIGHT) MUSICIANS AND CHORUS: "GREAT PROSPERITY AT THE THEATRE" (I.E., A FULL HOUSE)—A COLOUR-PRINT BY TOYOKUNI I. (1769-1825).

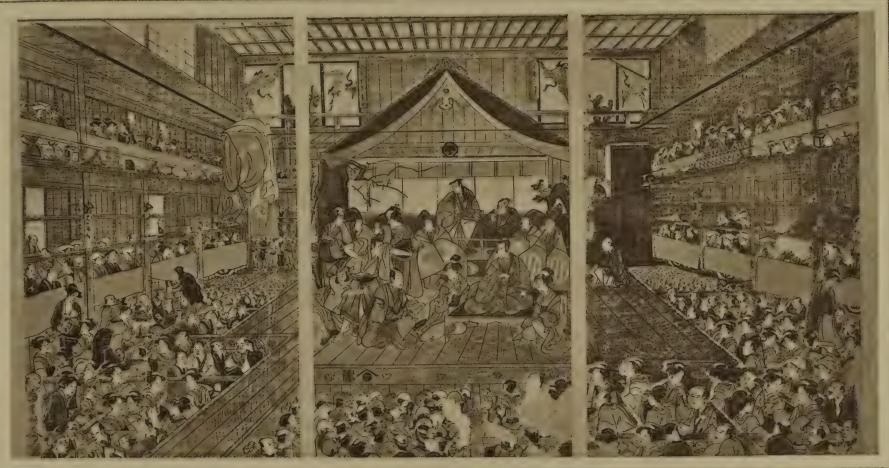


WITH A NOTICE (IN THE CENTRAL ILLUSTRATION) STATING "NO LADY VISITORS OR STRANGERS ALLOWED IN THESE ROOMS—STAGE MANAGER": THE ACTORS' DRESSING-ROOMS IN THE ISHIMURA THEATRE AT YEDO—A COLOUR-PRINT BY GOTOTEI KUNISADA (1785-1864).

These remarkably interesting colour-prints, as the dates of the artists indicate, show typical theatres of Japan towards the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth. In an introductory note to the catalogue of the Exhibition of Japanese Theatrical Art at the Victoria and Albert Museum, Colonel E. F. Strange writes: "The Japanese theatre was a large rectangular building capable, in some cases, of holding an audience of upwards of 4000 persons. The floor was divided into sections, each seating from four to six visitors, and the sides lined with boxes at a higher price. Above all was a gallery (the *Oikomi*, or 'driven-in place'), where, behind a grating, cheap standing-room was provided; but, later, stage accessories were developed with great skill and ingenuity. An important device (which has been tried once or twice in European theatres) was the *hana-michi*, or 'flower-walk'—a gangway projecting from the stage right through the theatre, which afforded to actors an additional means of access to the stage, and furnished a valuable addition to dramatic possibilities."

## FOR WEEPING SPECTATORS: OLD JAPANESE THEATRES.

ART AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM. BY COURTESY OF THE MUSEUM.



WHERE THE "STALLS" RESEMBLE PEWS IN A CHURCH: THE INTERIOR OF A JAPANESE THEATRE DURING A PERFORMANCE OF THE PLAY "SOGA MONGATARI"—A COLOUR-PRINT BY TOYOKUNI I. (1769-1825).



SHOWING FAMOUS JAPANESE ACTORS IN VARIOUS STAGES OF MAKE-UP, "GREEN-ROOMS," AND PROPERTY-ROOMS AT THE NAKAMURA THEATRE: A COLOUR-PRINT BY GOTOTEI KUNISADA (1785-1864).

As popular actors made their exits or entrances by this means, it was customary to show appreciation by throwing purses or flowers to them; hence the name. In early theatres there was only one of these *hana-michi*; but, later, two were often used. A theatre was worked in connection with a tea-house, which not only provided the tickets, but refreshments, a sort of lounge, and a bazaar for the sale of such small things as appeal to a popular audience—especially portraits, souvenirs of the actors, and the like. A performance went on throughout the day—two main dramas generally being given, with interludes—and the audience brought its food and smoked freely. Some of the prints show attendants climbing about the auditorium with boxes of provisions. . . . The Japanese also had a revolving stage long before it was used in Europe. . . . Some theatres were provided with a tear-room, to which those who were temporarily overcome with grief at the distressful scenes presented to them might retire and recover, so as not to disturb the stronger-minded portion of the audience."

## THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE autumn and winter fashion plans begin to peep out. That is, those which are most likely to be adopted are only peeping. There are others which are jumping and pushing forward of which it is well to be suspicious. They have been prepared by wily French designers for early buyers, most of whom are from North and South America, and many of whom are prepared to feel quite all right provided their clothes come from a well-known house, have the name of a celebrated designer, and have been bought in Paris. This fetish is still worshipped, although many of the real leaders in the world of dress smile indulgently over it, and in their own minds chuckle because they know that in this way the great French houses make their money, while for those who discriminate they make their best clothes.

There is little doubt that there will be more of colour about dress this winter than for some time past. Not in hats; red, blue, yellow, and green hats have had their day. They were collectively effective, and sometimes individually becoming, especially the red ones. They were, however, *voyant*, and such fashions usually have a short life, if a merry one. Black, brown, and grey head-gear will be in favour, also rich purple, and shades of blue not of the brightest. Ostrich feathers will be more used than ever, and in more ingenious ways. Fur will also be in favour for hats and for hat trimming. The "pull-on" hat has had a long reign, but its sway is being sharply contested by those of medium size fitting the head comfortably and showing more of face and hair. This is a great gain in individuality for our sex. It was largely lost under the close style of hair-dressing and the caps pulled down to the eyebrows.

French fashion-writers tell us boldly that black, grey, and brown will be most worn in the coming months. Those who study fashions in London as well as in Paris do not agree. Furs, save ermine, are brown, grey, and nearly black; in beautiful contrast to them will be dresses of the new soft silk and wool fabrics in lovely shades of colour, especially in yellows and greens. Colour will be for whole dresses; not merely applied, as it has been. Chiffon velvets in old-rose, in jade, and sage-green, in dull saffron, and in crimson will be seen, and seen with pleasure, for they will make luxurious, graceful, becoming, and lovely gowns.

There are not many fabrics about which a price reduction will be more eagerly welcomed than in the universally appreciated "Viyella," which is now down to 3s. 11d. a yard. This is not because of any alteration in quality of this absolutely first-rate material. It is because the high-grade, fine yarns from which "Viyella" is exclusively made became, during our time of war turmoil and straits, extremely scarce and difficult to procure. The quality of "Viyella" never is altered, and is the same now as when emergency forced the price up to 6s. 11d. a yard. This beautiful twilled flannel, so soft and fine and velvet-like in texture that it never irritates the most sensitive skin, is made in tropical, standard, medium, heavy, and extra-heavy weights, and the width is thirty-one inches. Heavier weights and wider widths are reduced proportionately. Everyone knows the beauty and range of patterns in this favourite fabric; also, of course, the charms of the plain cream "Viyella." Everyone does not know that Viyella knitting yarn is obtainable, and that it possesses in full the charm and softness so long the attributes of this fabric. Infants' knitted garments in dozens of pleasing forms are sold ready to wear made from the yarns already mentioned. It is wise to ask for Viyella at your draper's, and it is at once distinguishable by the detachable selvedge labels bearing the name. Should any difficulty be encountered, a postcard with name and address of sender to William

Hollins and Co., 157, Viyella House, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1, will solve it quite satisfactorily.

The Marchioness of Londonderry, who has been little out of Ulster since the Marquess took up his position in the Northern Irish Cabinet, went to Sutherlandshire after the Stockton Races, for which she entertained Princess Mary and Viscount Lascelles. Her sister, the Hon. Mrs. Hoare, was also a guest of the Hon. Eric and Mrs. Chaplin at Uppat, a beautifully situated house near the Castle. Major Eric Chaplin is Lady Londonderry's only brother, and is trustee for the Sutherland estates, the Duke being his first-cousin, as Major Chaplin's mother was the late Duke of Sutherland's sister. Lady Londonderry has always liked life in the Highlands during the shooting season, and Lord Londonderry often took a shooting with his brother-in-law. Major Chaplin is quite near the Castle, and has plenty of sport, in which his sisters join or enjoy hearing about.

over. The corn, being still green, affords refuge to the nimble ones, and in the far north will continue to do so for some weeks. People at first talk grouse, think grouse, and eat grouse. The first two phases are over, the other continues, and a new way of cooking these toothsome birds is acclaimed with almost as much enthusiasm as a promise of change of Government. Young grouse slit open and grilled are things to enthuse about, when they are properly done; and there are some cooks who can turn out grouse-pie that is a dream come true for a *gourmet*. Deer-stalking is what sportsmen talk most of now, and very exciting and interesting talk it is to listen to, this being at once a strenuous sport and one requiring skill, endurance, patience, and other qualities that go to the making of a man. There are some young men who never accept invitations to Scottish places where there is stalking, because they hate the fatigue of it, and yet like less being chaffed for shirking it.

It was a little silly to make so much of Viscount Lascelles being tapped on the chest by the heel of a playful racer. I hear he was annoyed himself about it and blamed entirely his own carelessness. Very often I wonder there are not more accidents in paddocks from people pressing on nervous racehorses, highly strung from knowing perfectly well what they have before them, or it may be immediately behind them. Once at Sandown I saw a lady's cheek laid open by a kick from a racer going out of the paddock, and since then I have been more than ever careful to keep clear. Once lately I cautioned a lady who was pressing on a racer and was told to mind my own business. The man with her looked thoroughly ashamed of her, and one could not wonder.

The Duchess of Albany will be truly mourned, and by an unusually wide circle, for her good works were very numerous. Not a rich personage for her position, she gave away a great deal of her income, and expended much energy and brain activity in various ways to help along charities. During the war, her Royal Highness gave a great deal for our wounded sailors and soldiers, and finally sold some valuable jewels to give further aid. In Deptford she had for many years a strong personal interest, and her work for that congested and poor district will long be remembered with admiration and affection by the inhabitants, who owe to her their fine Institute, their Day Nursery, and several other



FURS FOR THE AUTUMN MONTHS.

Cross fox fur is a most becoming finish to any costume. The centre figure wears a coat of grey chevrette, trimmed with monkey fur, and on the right we have a wrap of kolinsky. All come from the International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street.

Not often, if ever, has a woman been elected President of an Agricultural Society. This position has been accorded to Lady Millicent Hawes, who presided with brilliant success at the farmers' luncheon given by the Duke of Sutherland quite recently at Dunrobin, where her presence among those who knew her so well was eagerly acclaimed. In answer to a proposal of her health by the chief farmer, Lady Millicent said that she valued her new position not only for the sign it was that old friends had not forgotten her, but for the fact that it showed the position of woman was being more widely recognised and appreciated. She said that she was following the peaceful path of agriculture in France, and she wanted to engage their friendly feelings for the French people, of whose industry and thrift she spoke highly. A very graceful, gracious presence was that of the Lady President of the Sutherland Agricultural Association, and her speech was witty and full of tactful charm. Lady Millicent is, of course, a very brilliant member of our sex of whose abilities we can be justly proud.

The season in Scotland has been a full one. Rod-fishing has not been a success up to now, and loch salmon-fishing little better. Shooting and stalking has been and is going gaily, and now that partridges are included, the roots are being shot

benefits. The late Duchess's life was, more than that of most people, shadowed by the war, because she had an only son on one side and an only daughter very keenly on the other. The son was on the German side, through no choice of his own. On the death, without heirs, of the late Duke of Coburg, whom we prefer to remember as the Duke of Edinburgh, neither his brother the Duke of Connaught nor his nephew Prince Arthur of Connaught would take the Duchy of Coburg and Gotha. King Edward and his Foreign Office advisers considered it important that a British Prince should be Duke. The young Duke of Albany, then an Eton boy, was, of course, the rightful heir after his uncle and cousin, so he was chosen. Naturally, he was made much of in Germany. When he was twenty-one, he was married to the German Princess Victoria Adelaide, eldest daughter of the Duke Frederick Ferdinand of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glücksburg, whose sister married one of the ex-Emperor's sons, whom she divorced in 1920. He has two sons and two daughters, to whom the late Duchess of Albany, a lover of all youngsters, and particularly of her grandchildren, was devoted. Her son renounced the ducal throne of Coburg-Gotha on November 14, 1918. It was while on a visit to him and to her grandchildren that the late Duchess died.

A. E. L.

## SCOTLAND'S "OLYMPIC GAMES": CLANSMEN AT BRAEMAR.

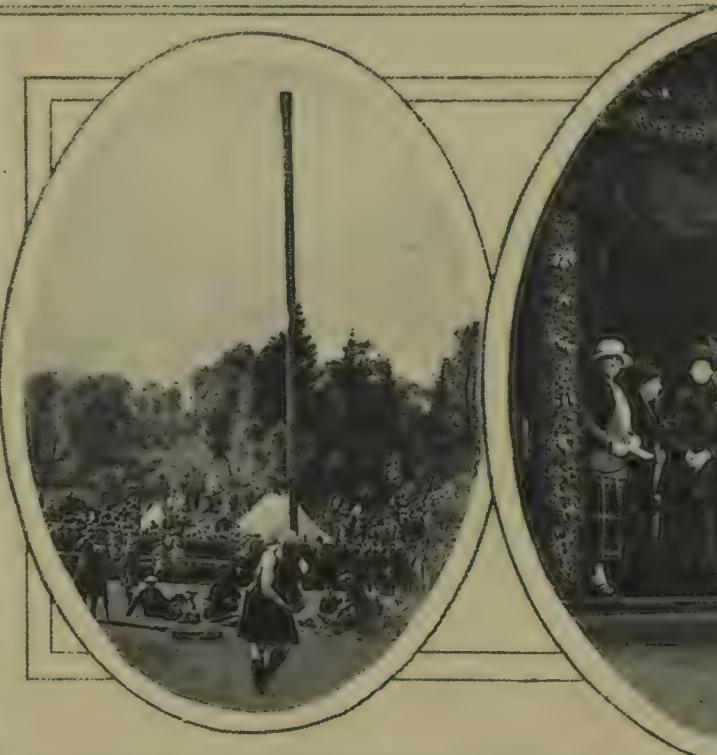
PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., FARRINGDON PHOTO. CO., AND TOPICAL.



A SEPTUAGENARIAN GIANT TOSSING THE CABER: SANDY MACINTOSH, A 72-YEAR-OLD COMPETITOR, AT THE FINISH OF HIS CAST.



HEADED BY THE KING'S COMMISSIONER, MAJOR RAMSAY (WITH SWORD): THE BALMORAL HIGHLANDERS (ROYAL STUARTS).



TOSSING THE CABER AT 72: SANDY MACINTOSH, A VETERAN COMPETITOR, BEFORE HIS CAST.



PRINCESS ANDREW OF GREECE, THE PRINCESS ROYAL, AND PRINCESS MAUD, WITH LORD ABERDEEN.



WINNER OF THE PUTTING-THE-WEIGHT CONTEST: MR. D. K. MICKEY COMPETING.



EACH WEARING A PROFUSION OF MEDALS: THE CHAMPION HIGHLAND DANCERS, WHO PERFORMED HIGHLAND REELS AND FLINGS.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE BRAEMAR GAMES: MR. CHARLES MACKINTOSH (SECOND FROM RIGHT) TALKING TO COMPETITORS.

The famous Braemar Gathering has been the chief event of the season on Royal Deeside for over a hundred years. This year, unfortunately, the King and Queen were prevented by the Court mourning for the Duchess of Albany from being present on September 7. In the afternoon, however, a short visit was made by the Princess Royal and Princess Maud, attended by Viscount Farquhar. Among the company present was also Princess Andrew of Greece, with Princesses Margarita and Theodora. The special features of the Braemar

event, as distinguished from other Highland gatherings, is that the clansmen assemble before the games in full Highland costume, and march through the village to the ground. The procession was headed by the Royal Stuarts (Balmoral Highlanders) followed by the Duff Highlanders (Princess Royal's) and the Farquharsons. They marched to the sound of pipes and drums, carrying Lochaber axes, pikes and claymores. Events that are peculiar to the Highlands are the tossing of the caber and the dancing of Highland reels and flings.

## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

CAN BIRDS SMELL?

HAVE birds a sense of smell? The answer to this constantly recurring question seems as far off as ever. It was discussed at length years and years ago by that delightful old naturalist, Charles Waterton, and the evidence for and against has been reviewed afresh many times and in many places since then. We have all talked "about it and about," and still we talk.

The matter has been revived again by Mr. J. H. Gurney, a field naturalist who always commands the respect of us all. In the course of a very careful and temperate statement of the case as it stands to-day, he points out that there are, at any rate, some species which seem to lend support to the contention which at times has been so vigorously expressed that birds have a keen sense of smell. Among these the rook and some woodpeckers are cited, on account of the accuracy with which they seem to locate hidden grubs—below the ground in one case, and beneath the tree-bark in the other. Petrels, geese, and ducks are also cited as affording evidence of well-developed powers of scent.

But, whenever this matter is raised, it is always the vultures which are named as affording the final argument either to prove that birds have or have not the sense of smell. In India, we are assured, when a death has occurred in a house, these birds of ill omen congregate on the roof, as if in the hope of gaining access to the corpse, which they cannot possibly have seen. This looks like conclusive evidence, but nevertheless it would seem to be derived from faulty observation.

Darwin, long ago, pointed out that condors, in common with other vultures, will discover their prey and pick the skeleton clean before the flesh is in the least tainted. When in Patagonia he put the matter to the test. In a garden he visited he found a number

of condors tied in a long row at the bottom of a wall. Having folded up a piece of meat in white paper, "I walked," he says, "backwards and forwards, carrying it in my hand at the distance of about three

instantly torn off with fury, and at the same moment every bird in the long row began struggling and flapping his wings. Under the same circumstances it would have been impossible to have deceived a dog." He further cites another experiment made upon carrion vultures. Here highly offensive offal was covered with thin canvas cloth, and pieces of meat were strewn on it; these they at once ate up, and then remained quietly standing, with their beaks within an eighth of an inch of the putrid mass without discovering it. A small rent was then made in the canvas, and the offal was immediately discovered; the canvas was then replaced by a fresh piece and meat put upon it, and this was again devoured without their discovering the hidden mass on which they were trampling.

All this goes to show that vultures depend, not upon their sense of smell, but their wonderful powers of sight. But it is also evident from the experiments that these birds possess, at any rate, some sense of smell, since they detected the presence of food from the odour which escaped from the rent in the canvas, in the one case, and the scent of meat through the piece of paper in the other.

But in both cases, it is to be noted, not until the beak was almost touching the concealed meat.

And what is true of vultures is probably true of all other birds. A study of their olfactory organs has shown that the sense of smell can in no case be acutely developed. In birds like the cormorant and gannet, indeed, the external nostrils, as I showed years ago, are in the adult completely closed. And we have, besides, the testimony of field naturalists and sportsmen to prove that birds show little or no power of detecting

the presence of an enemy, even if approaching down-wind, until either sight or hearing comes into play.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



THE PREMIER'S WIFE INTERESTED IN AN ARCHAEOLOGICAL "FIND": MRS. LLOYD GEORGE (CENTRE) AT A ROMAN FORT NEAR CARNARVON. Mrs. Lloyd George is here seen examining the cellar, or strong-room, recently uncovered in the headquarters building of the Roman fort of Segontium, Carnarvon. An inscribed Roman altar had just been found in the cellar. On the left is Dr. R. E. M. Wheeler, of the National Museum of Wales, who directed the excavations.



WHERE AN INSCRIBED ALTAR WAS RECENTLY FOUND: THE CELLAR OF THE ROMAN FORT VISITED BY MRS. LLOYD GEORGE.

Photographs by Courtesy of the National Museum of Wales, Cardiff.

yards from them, but no notice whatever was taken. I then threw it on the ground, within one yard of an old male bird; he looked at it for a moment with attention, but then regarded it no more. With a stick I pushed it closer and closer, until at last he touched it with his beak; the paper was then

the presence of an enemy, even if approaching down-wind, until either sight or hearing comes into play.

W. P. PYCRAFT.

Salmon Fishing

THAT'S the time, when the rod bends like a willow, and the reel spins off yard after yard of line—and, in the luncheon basket, a good supply of

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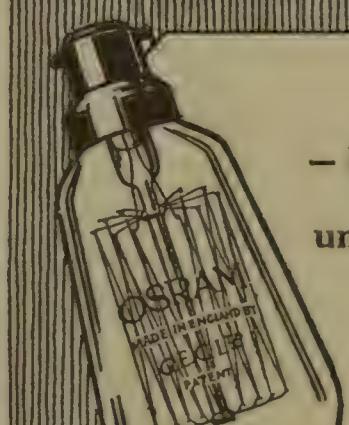
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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## MISS LÖHR'S "RETURN" AT THE GLOBE.

ONE thing is certain about the adaptation from the French which Mr. Wimperis has prepared for Miss Marie Löhr's London reappearance and aptly christened "The Return"—it has a capital situation

really gone out of their minds. Conceive her rage and the short shrift she gives to the lover, whom the husband is quite reluctant to part with. That scene is the quintessence of comedy, and is delightfully played by Miss Marie Löhr, Mr. George Tully, and Mr. Jack Hobbs. But the scenes that lead up to it are too protracted, too artificial: who believes that any husband, even though prepared to give his wife a divorce, would assemble possible successors to himself out of whom she is to make her choice? Nor are certain minor parts assigned to Mr. Dion Boucicault, Miss Lottie Venne, and Mr. Alfred Bishop worthy of their talents. Miss Venne's vivacity, of course, is perennial, and her *abandon* as she makes her exit doing the "Shimmy" the veriest flapper might well envy.

## MISS FAY COMPTON IN "SECRETS" AT THE COMEDY.

In so far as it is a play covering different periods of time, Rudolf Besier and May Edginton's new piece, "Secrets," bears a certain resemblance to "Milestones"; but neither as a study of contrasted manners nor as an example of craftsmanship can it hold a candle to that work, in which hu-

mour and a strict regard for characterisation kept sentiment in its due place. In "Secrets" sentiment becomes sentimentalism; and the heroine, who in an early phase of her career gives promise of some independence of temper—does she not defy her Victorian parents, Juliet-fashion, when locked in her room, and contrive, notwithstanding bars and bolts, to elope with her lover?—is shown in later life as the tame slave of this husband of hers, ready to divorce the now successful City magnate if that will make for his happiness, and forgiving him without reproaches flagrant infidelity when he assures

her that his lapse from virtue, like his success, comes from strength of character. One could forgive her and the authors her too angelic sweetness and her lack of feminine spirit, if his claims to being a sort of superman were really justified in the play. But though, in a scene laid out Wyoming way, where desperadoes attack the hut of the married pair while the young mother is tending her sick child, John, the husband displays courage in battling with them, he is not more courageous than Mary herself; and, for the rest, neither as lover ready to elope nor as City knight has he the Napoleonic air. Thus the meekness of the heroine, with her eternal "Yes, John," becomes a little intolerable; and the part or parts Miss Fay Compton is called upon to interpret, having more apparent than genuine variety, condemn her to too much iteration of mood. She is charming, no doubt,



BUDDING PATTERSONS: THE JUNIOR LAWN-TENNIS CHAMPION, THE RUNNER-UP, AND SEMI-FINALISTS.

From left to right, the names are: N. Sharpe, D. S. Milford, H. W. Austin, and R. V. Jenkins. In the United Kingdom Junior Lawn-Tennis Championships, at Weybridge, D. S. Milford beat N. Sharpe, and H. W. Austin beat R. V. Jenkins, in the semi-finals of the Boys' Singles. In the final H. W. Austin beat D. S. Milford by 7-5, 7-5.

Photograph by Sport and General.

as rich in humour as it is plausible in fact. The only question is whether the audience at the Globe is not kept waiting too long by too tedious matter for it. Here is the situation. A young married woman on the point of eloping with a lover leaves him alone with her jealous husband. There is every reason to expect an explosion, but it turns out that the two men during the war had been associated together as comrades, the lover rescuing the husband and his regiment from a difficult position. They revive memories of the affair, plot out the battlefield on the table, knock over the wife's photograph, and get so excited over their reminiscences that they bawl and shout at each other. Back dashes the wife in terror, begging them not to come to blows. They stare at her amazed; she had



BUDDING LENGLENS: THE JUNIOR LAWN-TENNIS GIRL CHAMPION, THE RUNNER-UP, AND SEMI-FINALISTS.

From left to right, the names are: Misses E. M. Dearman, G. R. Sterry, E. Corbin, and M. A. Saunders. In the United Kingdom Junior Lawn-Tennis Championships, at Weybridge, Miss Sterry beat Miss Dearman, and Miss Saunders beat Miss Corbin in the semi-finals of the Girls' Singles. In the final Miss Sterry beat Miss Saunders.

Photograph by Sport and General.

as the defiant daughter in her pretty mid-Victorian frocks; she is sweetly maternal as the young wife concerned for her baby's health; she looks a picture as the old lady awaiting the doctor's verdict when he emerges from her husband's sick-room; but one longs to see the actress allowed some burst of fire, some

[Continued overleaf.]

**G**IVEN a sweetmeat whose coating is of smooth, rich chocolate and whose centre is delicious in flavour and consistency, one has a good chocolate. Given a Maison Lyons chocolate, one has these things—and something more.

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Henry Esmond, Book 1. Chap. 3.

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*Continued.* explosion of temper such as would lift the character she is presenting out of the rut of a mere sentimental type. Mr. Leon Quartermaine does his best to make John seem masterful; Miss Helen Haye shows great tact in the rôle of a compromised woman; and there is clever work from Mr. Harben and Miss Scudamore as the heroine's Victorian parents.

**"DOUBLE—OR QUIT," AT THE ALDWYCH.** There is more noise than humour in the new farce of Mr. Theophilus Charlton, "Double—or Quit," as presented by Mr. Donald Calthrop and her stage-comrades at the Aldwych; but, perhaps because the play has a more than ordinarily fatuous hero and a more than ordinarily silly plot, the actors have tried to supply in noise what was lacking in comic invention. Mr. Calthrop himself puts immense gusto into such acting as is permitted him; and there is real forcefulness in Mr. C. W. Somerset's study of a ranting, half-crazy barnstormer—a performance worthy of a better setting.

**"THE SMITH FAMILY," AT THE EMPIRE.** One doubts whether it is a very wise policy to transport a comedian with such stereotyped though amusing methods as Mr. Harry Tate into the atmosphere of "revue." Mr. Tate at the Empire in "The Smith Family" is very much the Mr. Tate who has kept us laughing in the variety theatres, and too little of anything else. He plays the old tricks with his flexible moustache; he is vastly entertaining in a tennis match he carries through with an imaginary Suzanne Lenglen; but that he should merely do in revue what he does so well elsewhere is not enough. There should be team-work in association with the other comedians and players; and in the capacity for helping towards *ensemble*, for adjusting his talent so that it shall fit in with that of others in a cast, he does not appear to excel. Hence, though "The Smith Family" has not a bad idea at the back of its scheme—the idea of the chance of a fortune held out to an unappreciated humourist if he can only provoke laughter in a humourless Prince—it seems, for lack of such team-work, to peter out into a series of disconnected turns. The best of these is a delightful dancing episode supplied by Miss Phyllis Bedells. But Miss Connie Ediss has one good song, at any rate, in "What a Lady Would Do"; Miss Mabel Green sings so tastefully that one wishes she, no less than Miss Ediss, had more to do; there is some spirited dancing from Mr. Billy Caryll and Mr. Charles Brooks; and Miss Ella Retford is unsparing of effort.

## HOAX OR REVELATION?

### PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAIRIES.

"THE series of incidents set forth in this little volume," writes Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in his new book, "The Coming of the Fairies" (Hodder



AFTER HANDING OVER THE KING'S COLOUR OF THE DRAKE BATTALION TO THE LONDON DIVISION OF THE R.N.V.R.: MAJOR-GENERAL BLUMBERG (ON LEFT) SPEAKING.

The King's Colour of the Drake Battalion of the Royal Naval Division was on September 9 handed over to the London Division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve. The ceremony was performed at Carlton House Terrace by Major-General H. E. Blumberg, Adjutant-General of the Royal Marines, who handed the colour to Lieut.-Commander Pinks. It was afterwards taken on board H.M.S. "President" for safe keeping.—[Photograph by Topical.]

and Stoughton) "represent either the most elaborate and ingenious hoax ever played upon the public, or else they constitute an event in human history

which may in the future appear to have been epoch-making in its character."

Briefly, the story is that two Yorkshire girls, aged 16 and 10, met and played with fairies, in a glen near the village of Cottingley, and actually took photographs of the little people dancing and leaping around them. The photographs in question are all reproduced in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's book, and two of them are given on page 424 of this paper. They are certainly remarkable, and it is not surprising that they have caused much controversy as to their authenticity. The first photographs were taken in 1920, and Sir Arthur gave an account of the affair in a magazine article. Subsequently others were obtained, and he has now dealt fully with the subject in his book, in which the article is reprinted. He tells the whole story from the commencement, adding new chapters including independent evidence for the existence of fairies, subsequent appearances, and the Theosophical view of fairies. The investigations were mainly conducted by Mr. Edward Gardner, a well-known member of the Theosophical Society.

Sir Arthur, as might be expected, is enthusiastically on the side of the fairies, but he candidly quotes adverse as well as favourable opinions, among the chief of the sceptical critics being Mr. Maurice Hewlett. The testimony of photographers was important. Some could find no trace of any "fake," while others were more cautious. "The negatives were taken round to Kodak, Ltd., where two experts were unable to find any flaw, but refused to testify to the genuineness of them, in view of some possible trap. An amateur photographer of experience refused to accept them on the ground of the elaborate and Parisian coiffure of the little ladies. Another photographic company, which it would be cruel to name, declared that the background consisted of theatrical properties, and that therefore the picture was a worthless 'fake.'" A case like this can only be judged on the facts submitted, and they have been submitted mainly by advocates with an obvious bias. The only independent investigator, a newspaper man, saw the elder girl, who expressed herself as "fed up with the thing," and was reticent and reluctant in her replies. She was at work at a Christmas-card factory in Bradford, and she had been employed at a photographer's.

The book is sufficiently fascinating to make one wish that the affair could be thoroughly sifted by an impartial detective. What a pity that we cannot command the services of Mr. Sherlock Holmes!

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Dear Madam Eve, East Indies.  
I meant to have written before to tell you HOW MUCH I HAVE BENEFITED BY YOUR EXERCISES. My face has gone quite plump again, and the lines on my forehead have nearly disappeared, and many of my friends have remarked HOW MUCH BETTER AND YOUNGER I am looking.  
Yours truly, N. D.

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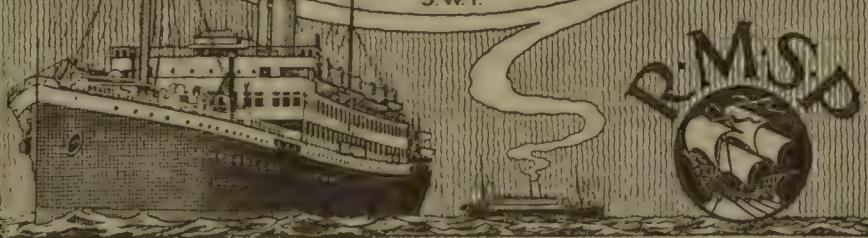
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## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

The Forthcoming It will doubtless come as a disappointment to the habitual Motor Show. show-goer to know that the extension of Olympia, which was to have enabled the S.M.M.T. to house the motor exhibition under one roof, will not be completed in time, and the Motor Show will of necessity be divided again and held concurrently at the White City and Olympia. The exhibition opens on Friday, November 3, and closes on Saturday the 11th. Incidentally, if the show-going public are disappointed, that feeling will be very much accentuated among the less fortunate members of the motor industry whom the turn of the ballot relegates to the White City. However, it cannot be helped, and certainly no blame can attach to the Society for the dual character of the Show again this year.

Of course, everybody wants to know what the general trend is likely to be. I do not think we shall see anything very remarkable in the way of new cars,

the moment. Undoubtedly, the great feature of the Show will be a general all-round drop in prices, with the probable exception of the very high-grade models. While it is true that labour costs and the prices of material have fallen considerably during the past year, it has to be remembered that the costs of building the very highest class car have already been brought down to the almost irreducible minimum, and it is difficult to see how any material percentage decrease can be made in the price to the public. The class I have in mind, of which the Rolls-Royce, the Napier, and the Lanchester are outstanding examples, cannot be built on production lines. I am not in the secrets of the manufacturers of these cars, so it is possible there may be some slight reductions announced at the Show; but in any case they could not be anything that matters to the potential purchaser.

When we come to the medium and lower-priced cars the case is different. Most of the firms concerned have now

got their works going on a full production basis, and every decrease, even though small, is obviously reflected in the works cost of each car turned out. The motor trade is just as alive as any other to the basic fact that the cheaper the article the more can be sold, and that a large turnover at a comparatively low percentage of profit pays better, from every point of view, than a small output and big profits.

Some Examples. Already a number of firms have announced considerable reductions in the prices of their cars. The Wolseley Company took the lead among British manufacturers and advertised some drastic reductions, which took effect on September 1. It is now possible to obtain their

7-h.p. car at £255. Considering that this car has a great deal more in the way of luxury equipment than its predecessor of 1914, this seems to me a fair

example of a car which is now listed at what practically amounts to a pre-war figure.

The same may be said of the Company's new



AT THE MOST NORTHERLY POINT OF GREAT BRITAIN: A 14-H.P. VAUXHALL CAR AT JOHN O' GROAT'S, CAITHNESS.



RECENTLY BOUGHT BY "RANJI" FOR THE LADIES OF HIS HOUSEHOLD AND FITTED WITH "PURDAH" GLASS: A HANDSOME LANCHESTER. This car was recently purchased by the Maharajah Jam Saheb of Nawanagar ("Ranji" of cricket fame) for the ladies of his household. It is fitted with "purdah" glass, through which the passengers can see while themselves invisible from outside. Though almost opaque to the eye, the glass looks quite transparent in the photograph.

new designs, or even new accessories. Doubtless there will be some amount of general improvement in detail, but beyond this it is not possible to go at

14-h.p. car, which is to be sold at £575—again a close approximation to 1914 prices. The Standard is another car which has been materially reduced in price, although it has been greatly improved in several notable directions. At the new prices it compares very favourably with the Standard productions before the war. Among other manufacturers in this class, the Albert has been reduced to £375—a drop of no less than £120. The Cubitt four-seater has been reduced from £467 to £360. The A.C. can be purchased at £395, and the air-cooled A.B.C. at £275. Then that very enterprising firm, Morris Motors, Ltd., have been able still further to reduce the prices of those very popular cars, the Morris-Cowley and the Morris-Oxford, by some £30, making them more wonderful value than they were, which is a lot to say. As to cars originating in America or on the Continent, it is not possible to say much yet. Some time ago, General Motors, Ltd., announced heavy reductions affecting all their cars, to which I referred at the time. The Overland has been reduced, and the Standard production can now be purchased for £268. There are others, but I think I have given enough examples to indicate that there is a very strong movement towards more moderate-priced cars, and

[Continued overleaf.]

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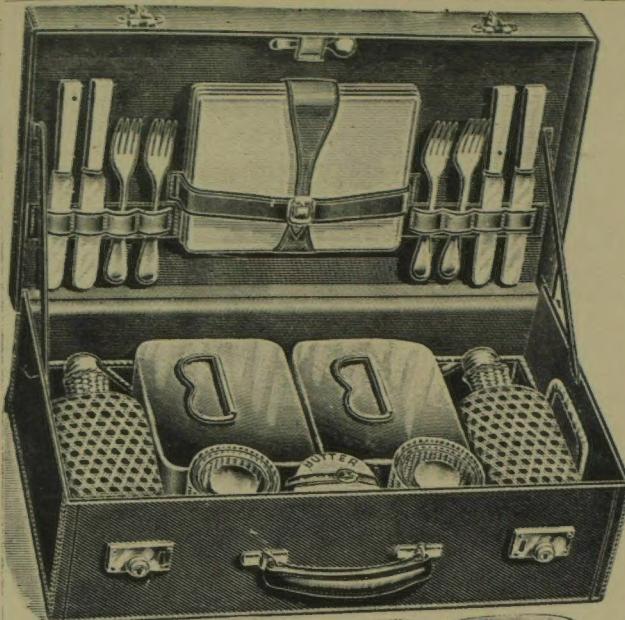
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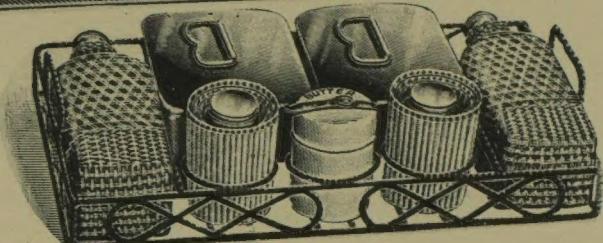
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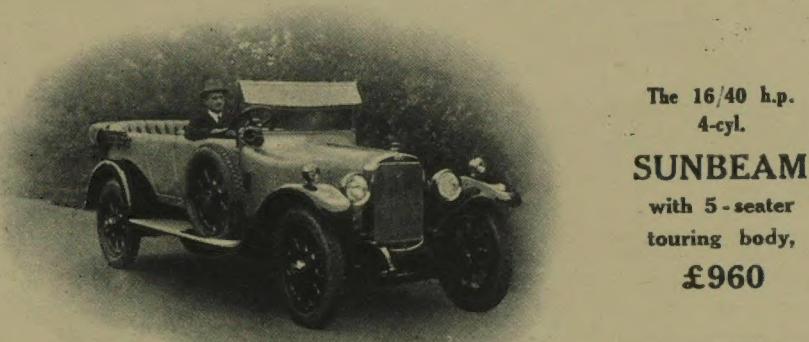
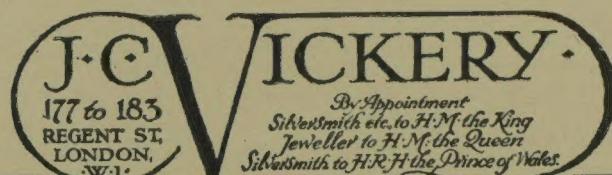
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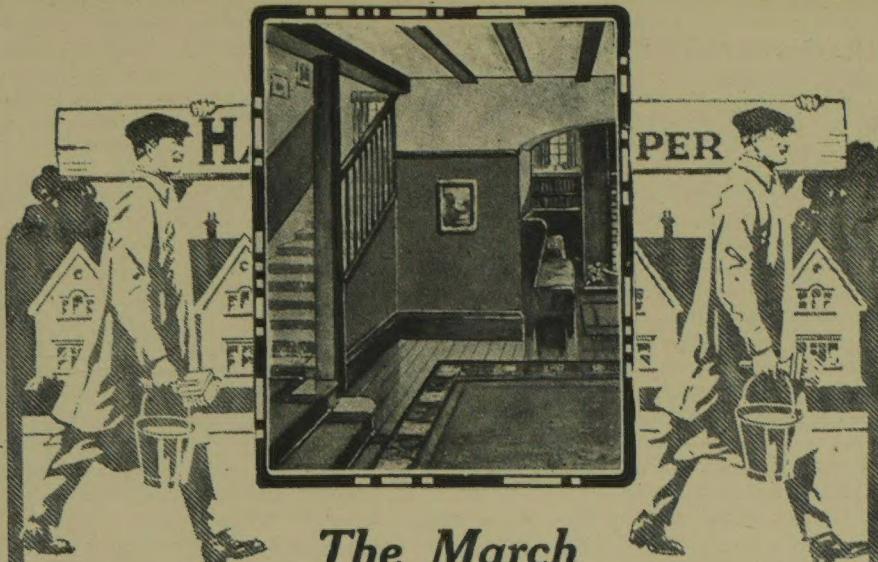
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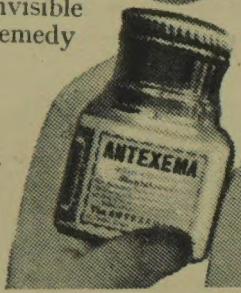
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*Continued.*  
that it is now a case for the example set in so many quarters to be generally followed if those manufacturers who view with disfavour the movement towards reduction are to remain in the business.

**Number-Plates.** For some time the police, and particularly the Metropolitan police, have been very active in taking proceedings against drivers of cars on which the number-plates are not easily distinguishable. The police contend that the number-plates should be fixed in such a position as not to get splashed with mud in wet weather, and there have been many convictions where front number-plates, by being placed on the front axle, have unavoidably become dirty. In order to obviate the difficulty, a number-plate has been designed consisting of aluminium letters and numbers which are attached to a piece of wire mesh. This can be placed on the front of the radiator and does not affect the cooling of the engine to the same extent as a solid plate would. The Metropolitan police, however, have contended that such a plate does not comply with the regulations, because the letters are not on a solid plate, and proceedings were recently taken against the driver of a car with such a front number-plate, before the Wimbledon Bench. The case was defended by the Legal Department of the R.A.C., and the magistrates dismissed the summons, because in their view the spirit of the Regulations was not infringed.

**Tyres in the International Six Days' Trial.**

show that they put up some noteworthy performances in the Six Days' Trial. Davison, the Levis rider, and Alec Bennett on his Sunbeam—two of the riders in the British team which gained second place—used Dunlops, and their reliability was such that Davison secured a prize for the best performance of any machine manufactured outside Switzerland, and also a special gold medal. The Raleigh machine, ridden by Gibson, which also secured a gold medal, was shod with Dunlops.

**New Danger Signals for Motorists.**

All A.A. road patrols now carry two red flags, which are employed as emergency warnings for road users. During the past few weeks, these impromptu warnings have been frequently utilised. In one case a car broke down in the middle of the road, at a bend on a hill. While it was being removed, two A.A. flags warned other traffic of the obstruction. A heavily laden lorry and trailer stopped, leaving insufficient space for other vehicles to pass;

a flood, five feet deep, covered a main road; a large oak-tree fell across another main road. In all the foregoing cases the A.A. red flags, suitably placed by the A.A. patrols, warned approaching motorists of "Danger Ahead." W. W.

**GOLF IN THE AUTUMN AT TURNBERRY.**

THE directors of the G. and S.W. Railway Company, in establishing the Turnberry Hotel some years ago, were influenced not only by the obviously splendid opportunities that the place afforded for patrons of the royal and ancient game, but by their conviction that the climate of the district was a remarkable one. The West Coast of Scotland is reputed to be a rainy region, and some hilly districts are doubtless extremely wet; but Turnberry lies in a strip of country on the Ayrshire coast that is nearly flat or undulating, and the rainfall is comparatively low—much the lowest in the West of Scotland. In order to submit their impressions of the climate to a rigorous test, the directors established a meteorological station, whose returns have been published in the official reports for Scotland, and these show that the climate of Turnberry may be described as one of equability. During the past summer the outstanding feature has been the remarkable uniformity in the amount of sunshine throughout, unapproached anywhere else in our islands; and the expectation of a moderate rainfall in the autumn and winter months appears to be greater there than almost anywhere else, and very much greater than in many districts. The south-westerly winds characteristic of autumn and winter, as a rule, pass over Turnberry, and do not discharge their moisture to any great extent until they reach the hills some miles further inland.

Experience for some years of the climatic conditions at Turnberry—notably the low rainfall, practical immunity from snow or fog during the autumn and winter—clearly make it a desirable centre for a golfing and recuperative holiday or change. With the many comforts provided, there really is no necessity to seek a holiday change away from Great Britain and the delightful surroundings of this Ayrshire centre; and, since the G. and S.W. Railway Company have made a branch line between Ayr and Girvan, there are ample and comfortable facilities for visitors from the south and other parts of Great Britain to reach Turnberry Station, which is connected by a covered way with the hotel.

A NEW TROPHY FOR THE ETON O.T.C.: A STATUETTE OF A CADET SERGEANT OF THE CORPS IN MARCHING ORDER.

This trophy has been presented to replace the cup given in 1892, and now held permanently by Mr. R. H. de Montmorency's house, which won it three years running. Mr. E. V. Slater's house section was the first to win the new trophy, this year. It was made by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, London, W.1.

As the first issue of the 1922 G.W.R. Official Guide, entitled "Holiday Haunts," proved so popular that the supply was exhausted a month ago, the book has been reprinted, and is again on sale at the price of 6d. at the Company's stations, offices and bookstalls. A list is included of hotel and other accommodation, with maps and numerous illustrations. It can be obtained from the Superintendent of the Line, Paddington Station, London, W.2, post free for 1s. 3d.



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When used for complexion treatment Germolene should be lightly warmed, and gently massaged into the pores before retiring. All traces of Germolene will disappear with the morning's ablutions, and the skin will be found to be soft and velvety, and to possess a new glow of health.

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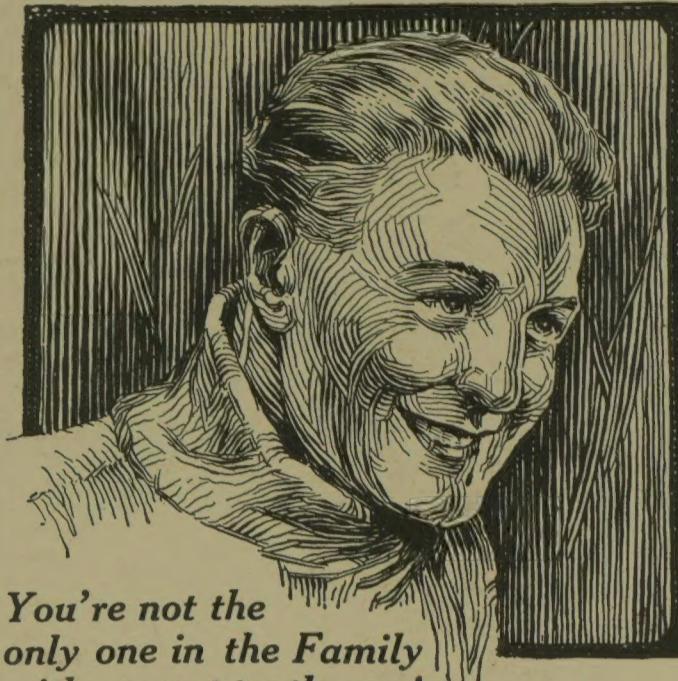
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